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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Prisons and Prisoners. By Joseph Adshead. With Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 320. London, Longmans.

HUMANITY is the glory of civilisation and the purest essence of Christianity.

The man who is harsh, and severe, and cruel to his fellow-man, is not only a bad citizen, but a bad human being; for it is only through our fellow-creatures that we can affront, and hurt, and offend the Divinity.

Therefore, above all things, ought the duty of HUMANITY to be enforced in every relation of life, and the wrong and sin of Inhumanity to be branded as the canker most destructive to the happiness of man and the well-being of society.

Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto: it is not merely in connexion with nearness in blood, friendships, alliances, pleasant or profitable intercourse, satisfactory impressions, or favourable opinions, that we owe this paramount obligation; it is equally due to the criminal, and more than equally due to the poor and unfortunate.

It is thus that the voice of Nature, unvitiated by sordid motives and unhardened by theoretical views, cries aloud against the barbarous treatment of the lowly classes, who are driven by poverty to the last refuges of charity; it is thus that the case of a single individual oppressed according to system rouses the generous resentment of the whole species, and that none (but the base, the brutal, the unfeeling, and the heartless) can calmly endure to witness want and suffering, super-loaded upon the calamities of disease or the infirmities of old age.

But we must go farther than this, and guilt itself must share our sympathies. Vice must be discountenanced, error must be checked, and crime must be punished; but in discountenancing, in checking, and in punishing, it ought never to be forgotten, that all men are morally frail and feeble, and that the way to evil is an easy descent, and beset with many temptations, which do not occur alike to the different travellers on life's various road. What know the rich and prosperous of the difficulties which often engender the first thoughts of trespass in the breasts of the poor and wretched? What is there in common between the affluent and luxurious, full of food, softly clothed, and daintily lodged, and the ragged and homeless starveling—the culprit for a meal to satisfy the cravings of outrageous hunger? Of these lapses, and of neglected education and the worst example of depraved parents, are begotten that utter depravity which ends in the abyss of misery—fraud, robbery, horrid murder itself. Let the strong, the powerful, and the unfallen bethink them of these things when they have to deal with the weak, the helpless, and the depraved. Let them also remember, in looking within their own minds and casting a retrospect over their own acts, *nam vitium nemo sine nascitur*—none are free from blot, and but a shift of circumstances the overseer and the justice might have been the beggar and the prisoner.

HUMANITY then, we repeat, is the great duty of mankind, the noblest principle in the true

faith of Christianity, the nearest approach to the godlike attribute of mercy—upon which depends the ineffable blessing of universal salvation. It should be exercised even in reference to animal existences; and how much more in reference to alleviating the distresses, redressing the injuries, and reclaiming the misguided and wicked of our brother-men!

The volume before us, which has led to these reflections, is addressed to questions of infinite importance as connected with the fate of the farthest lost of these: it treats of prisons and prisoners, subjects towards the proper understanding of which the experience of the last seven years ought perhaps to have contributed more than it has done. Still, much light has been thrown upon them; and it is not beyond hope that out of the intelligence communicated from actual observation, and the suggestions of official inquiry and comparison, as well as from the public attention having been directed to the issue, a more perfect system of criminal jurisprudence and treatment may soon be developed. Towards this desirable consummation Mr. Adshead's volume will lend a helping hand, though his information is coupled with much debate and censure of others with which we cannot chime. In regard to his means of acquiring that information and his general plan, he says: "His particular attention has long been given to the condition of penal institutions and their general regime; and as opportunities have been presented, he has made himself acquainted with the main points of dispute respecting the prevailing systems of discipline at home and abroad, and in no limited degree, by personal observation, has endeavoured to ascertain their practical results."

In setting out, he combats, in no measured terms, statements and opinions which have appeared in the *Times* newspaper on prison-discipline, and in Mr. Dickens' notations on the Solitary Prison at Philadelphia, and then he proceeds to draw a frightful picture of the condition of the metropolitan gaols. The controversial passages we will avoid as much as possible; and endeavour to illustrate somewhat of the science of PENOLOGY* from other parts. The author concurs entirely with the third Report of the Prison-Inspectors of the Home District on *Solitary and Separate Confinement*—the former he denounces as a monstrous and abhorrent punishment, treating the offender as a being divested of the "common rights, capacities, and feelings of human nature," and tending to "harden, provoke, and brutalise" him. On the contrary, he upholds the latter, as it is

* *Penology* is the term invented by Professor Lieber in his writings on penal law, and by it "is understood that branch of knowledge, the chief subjects of which are punishment, and the criminal after conviction; crime, responsibility, and the mode of convicting, forming the main divisions of criminal law. The meeting out or application of the proper punishment for each class of crimes is the common ground where criminal law and penology meet. A department in literature on topics connected with punishment and the treatment of criminals exists, but there is no comprehensive name which designates at once all these subjects as forming a distinct branch of knowledge. When Professor Lieber shewed the outlines of this new branch of science, and the necessity of treating it separately and systematically, and not merely incidentally, he proposed for it the term *penology*."

careful "in providing the prisoner with every thing that is necessary for his cleanliness, health, and comfort during the day, and for his repose at night, instead of denying him these advantages; in supplying him with sufficient food of wholesome quality, instead of confining him to bread and water; in alleviating his mental discomfort by giving him employment; by the regular visits of the officers of the prison, of the governor, surgeon, turnkeys, or trades' instructors, and particularly of the chaplain, instead of consigning him to the torpor and other bad consequences of idleness, and the misery of unmitigated remorse, resentment, or revenge; in separating him from none of the inmates of the prison except his fellow-prisoners, instead of cutting him off, as far as may be, from the sight and solace of human society; in allowing him the privilege of attending both chapel and school, for the purpose of public worship and education in class (securing, on those occasions, his complete separation from the sight and hearing of his fellows), instead of excluding him from divine service and instruction; in providing him with the means of taking exercise in the open air, whenever it is proper and necessary, instead of confining him to the unbroken seclusion of his cell. The object of separate confinement is the permanent moral benefit of the prisoner—an object which he can plainly see that the system has in view. Under the separate system, an appeal is made to the moral sense and understanding of the prisoner; he is treated as a man, and with the respect and benevolence due to humanity, even in its lowest debasement."

The charge against the *Times* is, as we have noticed, brought in no complimentary manner: "We have (says the writer) read carefully, and with no common interest, the diversified statements, and we may say watched also, with deep concern, the various incongruities of the *Times* in reference to that subject; we cannot, therefore, refrain from expressing ourselves strongly on their proceedings. And we are compelled to charge them—First, with a knowledge and suppression of facts, which they have most culpably distorted and perverted, to support their own prejudiced, and, as appears to us, egregiously mistaken views of prison-discipline; secondly, we impute to them that they are uninstructed in the true nature, operations, and results of a great vital and national subject, on which they have presumed to be the directors of public opinion; and thirdly, we accuse them of most unduly and arrogantly taking advantage of the popular ignorance, assuming, as they seem to have done, that their statements are entitled to general credence and implicit belief. We repeat, that we are aware of their immense power and influence; we well know, upon entering on this controversy, the unequal position we occupy—the opportunity they have, and the nonchalance with which, when unable to bring fact and argument to bear, they can treat with ridicule and contempt those who may have the hardihood to contend with them,—and that, with the dash of a paragraph, they may hold up, comparatively, to public derision such persons. But we appeal not to the *Times* in this matter; a reflecting

and dispassionate community are able to judge, and to form their opinion of the right and the wrong in the argument, of the fairness or perversion of dealing, when truth and falsehood are placed in juxtaposition. This we shall attempt to shew in sifting the artifices, tracing the misrepresentations, and winnowing the chaff of sophistication, of the *Times*; and it is before the public we lay our evidence, and to the public we appeal."

This involves many pages (above ninety) of quotation and confutation, entitled, "The Fallacies of the *Times*," to which we must refer our readers; and then Mr. Adshead hits as hard at Mr. Dickens, under the denomination of "The Fictions of Mr. Dickens," as absolute chimera and inflated romance. These also we bequeath to curious readers, merely observing, that Mr. Adshead is one of your matter-of-fact men, and will allow nothing for the emotions that may colour the same scenes so very differently to the hearts of different people, and that he tries Mr. Dickens's statements by the standard of the impressions made upon persons of less sensitive minds and imaginations. The miserable mulatto-girl who affected him so much was examined with perfect nonchalance by Professor Lieber—so be it; and we pass from America to London, where we are told that Newgate is a great school of crime, where, "associated together in large numbers and in utter idleness, frequently moved from ward to ward, and thereby their prison-acquaintance much enlarged, we affirm that the prisoners must quit this prison worse than they enter it"—in short, "a disgrace to the metropolis, and a national reproach." We believe, however, that considerable improvements have been introduced since this was written, two years ago, and that we cannot so truly adopt the unhappy Dr. Dodd's description:—

"Is this the place
Orbained by justice to confine awhile
The foe to civil order, and return
Reformed and moralised to social life!

'This school of infamy! from whence improved
In every hardy villain, returns
More hardened, a foe to God and man,
The miscreant nursed in its infectious lap;
All covered with its pestilential spots,
And breathing death and poison wheresoe'er
He talks contagious!"

But if Newgate be bad, Giltspur Street, according to our author, is infinitely worse.

"If (he says) the reader will accompany us to a kindred institution, we shall there also see the hideous effects of city legalised association in its full deformity. This prison, it is well known, fronts upon Giltspur Street, looking west to St. Saviour's Church and Skinner Street, and is bounded on the south by the houses which form the north side of Newgate Street, and on the east and north by the land and buildings of Christ's Hospital. The area of the prison 'is occupied by a multiplicity of yards and sleeping cells, constructed without regularity or order.' With regard to the evidence we shall adduce upon the abominable enormities of this gaol, the unsophisticated inquirer would be ready to doubt the reality of the existence of such things, 'were not the proof so high,' and to be found in the parliamentary documents periodically published."

We need not travel through Mr. Adshead's objections (drawn from inspectors' reports within the last seven years) against Bridewell, Coldbath-Fields, Tothill-Fields, Clerkenwell, &c.; but will quote a portion of his remarks thereon:

"The most casual reader will not fail to have received the conviction that our penal system,

with all its classifications and amalgamations, is a system both degrading and depraving; and whilst we would not in the slightest degree detract from the sanction of the law, with all its just and penal attributes, still we maintain that the state has no right to render that law extra-judicial in its administration. Nor ought we to pass unheeded a class of criminals of melancholy interest—juvenile offenders—for whom most of our penal institutions are but training establishments for our penal colonies. Little are the community aware of the deplorable extent of juvenile depravity, and the various social and relative causes of its production. Were we disposed to enlarge upon this branch of the subject, we could furnish deeply painful details—the personal narrations of the neglected, the friendless, the outcast, the orphan,—of those whose crime has been misfortune, destitution, and want,—who have had no other resource but plunder, no other asylum but a prison—there, passing through the various departments of our penal institutions, an annual average of from 13,000 to 14,000 of this class of transgressors, ranging under twelve to seventeen years of age."

In the end, the model prison of Pentonville is upheld to be the model for all that is sound in principle and safe in practice. For ourselves we shall simply observe, that we deem the author a reprover of very gross inhumanity, and the apologist for inhumanity of a less grievous sort, but still such as neither law, justice, nor nature, authorises one set of men to inflict upon others.

The History of the British Empire in India.

By Edward Thornton, Esq., author of "India, its State and Prospects," &c. Vol. VI. London, W. H. Allen and Co.

WITH this volume concludes the laborious task of a history written in the most impartial and independent spirit; and if it were in that respect alone, entitled to be considered a model for the important class of literature to which it belongs. But Mr. Thornton has also brought out valuable requisites and great ability to enhance the merits of his work. His unfettered freedom of opinion is not tainted with asperity, but displays marked moderation. His judgment is not only without bias, but sustained upon mature investigation and solid reasoning. His praise and his blame are alike irrespective of persons and interests, and his integrity is unaffected by the individual circumstances which were so likely to bias a servant of the Company, or the national feelings which are calculated to make a loyal patriot a doubtful historian. This, on the contrary, is an honest performance, and written in a straightforward manner and style; conveying the facts to the reader in perspicuous language, and commenting upon them with strong sense and palpable conscientiousness. Whether, therefore, we agree with or differ from his conclusions, we cannot but confess his candour and fairness; and whilst we regret some of the measures upon which he animadverts, and wish, for the credit and honour of our country, they had never been adopted, we are bound to acknowledge that his mode of discussing them is the highest possible proof of the unimpeachable character of his publication.

Having thus afforded our testimony to the general credit of these six volumes (from time to time favourably noticed in the *Literary Gazette*), we have very few more particular observations to offer upon that which so consistently closes the series. It commences with the much-disputed affairs of Oude, involving

the differences between the Cabinet and the Court of Directors, the questions about the appointment of Governor-General, and the effects of the removal of restrictions on the Indian press. The latter, having produced consequences equivalent to a revolution, and being intimately connected with every subsequent event and the manner of its representation to the European as well as Indian public, we select for a few quotations illustrative of Mr. Thornton's talent.

Lord W. Bentinck left India in 1835, and was succeeded, in virtue of a provisional appointment, by Sir Charles Metcalfe, whose short reign (previous to the arrival of Lord Auckland), says our author, "will chiefly be remembered by one act, which can scarcely fail to have a powerful effect, either for good or for evil, upon the interests of India, and of the British government in that country. This act was, the removal of the restrictions to which the public press in India was previously subjected. For a long period preceding the year 1818, the press had been subject to a censorship, a measure first resorted to during the war with France, with a view of preventing the emissaries of the enemy in India conveying intelligence derived from the newspapers published there to the French cruisers in the Indian seas. The Marquis of Hastings was induced to introduce a different system—partly, it may be presumed, by the influence of one of his ruling passions, the love of popularity, but partly, also, by another motive. The editors of newspapers were generally Europeans, and disobedience to the orders of the censure was liable to be visited with deportation—the Company's government having at that period the power of removing, from all parts of India, any person, not native born, whose residence there was considered dangerous. An Anglo-Indian editor, at length, recollecting that this punishment could not be applied to him, set the government at defiance, and refused to be restrained by the directions of the censor. The government then made a merit of necessity, and removed the censorship, but substituted a set of rules to which they required the conductors of the periodical press to conform. This was regarded as equivalent to the establishment of a free press, or at least it was professed to be so regarded by those who wished to commit the governor-general to such a measure, as well as by the governor-general himself, who, luxuriated in the public congratulations poured in upon him with reference to this extraordinary exercise of liberality. The press, indeed, was relieved from the censure, but editors were enjoined to comply with the rules introduced in the place of that more direct check upon publication—they were rebuked by the government, of which the Marquis of Hastings was the head, when the rules were disregarded, and reproof on these occasions was not unmingled with reference to the power of inflicting summary punishment upon European offenders. The governor-general, indeed, who had eulogised a free press, and taken credit for bestowing this boon upon India, could not with decency be a party to the infliction of such punishment for using the privilege which he had professed to grant. His immediate successor, Mr. Adam, was not so shackled; and an editor who persevered, after many warnings, in passing the bounds prescribed by the rules, was ordered to quit the country. The authority of the Supreme Court was subsequently obtained to the passing of more stringent rules, and under these rules one or two newspapers were suppressed. The above were

the changes to which the press was subjected in Bengal. At Madras, the censorship had never been abolished. At Bombay, the regulations of the Marquis of Hastings were introduced by Mr. Elphinstone, and the censorship abandoned. The more severe regulations, established in Bengal under the government of Mr. Adam, were subsequently adopted at Bombay; but as the Supreme Court refused to register them their effect was limited. Such was the state of the press when Lord William Bentinck arrived in India, and his lordship, though an ostentatious upholder of liberal measures, made no change. During his administration, indeed, little or no interference with the press took place; either none was needed, or Lord William Bentinck was from principle averse to interference, or it might be that the press was, for the most part, laudatory of the governor-general and his measures. Some attempts were made to induce him to take a more decided course, and his lordship answered, that the subject was under consideration. Consideration, however, was all it received, and it was left to Sir Charles Metcalfe to reap the harvest of popular applause consequent upon removing all restraint upon the publication of opinion. Under his brief and temporary administration, an act was passed repealing the existing regulations, and giving to the press, in regard to the publication of political periodicals, a greater degree of freedom than is enjoyed in England. On this measure, as may be supposed, opinions, both in India and at home, widely differed. By some it was eulogised for its liberality—by others condemned for its imprudence. Of this latter quality it seems impossible altogether to acquit it. Whether the repeal of all restrictions on the press were or were not good in itself, serious objections lay against the time chosen for effecting it, and the circumstances under which it was accomplished. Sir Charles Metcalfe held the reins of government but as the substitute for another. He was aware, not only that his administration was temporary, but that its term would be short. He had reason to believe that his successor was on the sea, and he knew that with the arrival of that successor his authority ended. He might readily imagine that the expected governor-general would be in possession of the views of the home authorities on so important a subject, which Sir Charles Metcalfe certainly was not; and this adds greatly to the amount of his imprudence. He knew that in setting free the press he was binding the government to an act which could not be recalled without multifold inconvenience. The home authorities had indeed the legal power of rescinding the law, but such a step would have been attended by consequences which, to a mind so acute as that of Sir Charles Metcalfe, could not fail to present themselves. He ought not, therefore, to have placed them in a situation which virtually deprived them of the power with which the law invested them. A governor-general permanently appointed ought not to have thus acted—still less should such a course have been taken by a governor-general acting only provisionally. If he thought the press ought to be free, it was his duty to represent his opinion to the home authorities, and to ask their sanction to the passing of an act to give to that opinion effect. The great danger with regard to governments at a distance from the supreme power at home is, that they should become in practice, if not in theory, absolute and independent. The evidence of history strikingly illustrates this principle, and every

advance, in such a direction, should be carefully restrained. These remarks apply especially to the position of Sir Charles Metcalfe. The question, whether or not the press, in a country situated as is India, should be free, is not perhaps so easily answered. It may readily be conceded that in England, and in every country similarly situated, the press should enjoy perfect liberty; that every individual should have the right of publishing, without control, whatever may please him; and that, after publication, he should be liable to no legal penalties, except in cases where he may have offended against the laws of morality, or given utterance to that which is false as well as scandalous. This much may be granted: but then follow the questions—Is India in the same situation with England? and, if not, can the same degree of liberty which may be safely enjoyed in England be safely conceded to India? No one will answer the former question in the affirmative; and before replying to the latter it would be well to bear in mind the many peculiarities of our position in India. A handful of foreigners exercise rule over millions of natives—some of them of warlike habits—many of excitable temperament. We hold our dominion by a native army composed of men such as have just been described. The people of India, too, it should be remembered, have never been accustomed to the use of a free press, nor to any free communication of opinion—they have no experience of free institutions at all: such institutions have not, as with the great Saxon communities, grown with their progress as a people, and gathered strength from their gradual development—they are in India exotics, and, like other exotics, are in danger either of perishing from neglect, or, from injudicious culture, of running into wild and rank exuberance."

Sir C. Metcalfe's defence of the measure is averred to be little more than a string of plausible fallacies; and, after arguing the points at issue, Mr. T. adds:

"Never, perhaps, did there occur a more striking instance of begging the question, than in the assumption that nothing was more likely to conduce to the spread of 'the enlightened knowledge and civilisation, the arts and sciences of Europe over India,' than a licentious and unbridled political press. * * *

"It appears that Sir Charles Metcalfe was aware of the dangers attending his favourite measure, and that he knowingly risked those dangers in carrying it out. Alluding to the difficulties of framing a law to restrain the excesses of the press, he expressed his belief that on such a point legislation was set at defiance—that the enjoyment of the liberty of the press involved the necessity of being exposed to its licentiousness. The laws in England, he remarked, had failed in preventing the licentiousness of the press, and he intimated, though with some appearance of doubt, that they could not be made more efficient without endangering its freedom. The expression of doubt was superfluous. Any attempt to give to the law additional means of curbing the licentiousness of the press would certainly destroy its liberty; and in England we must, in the language of Sir Charles Metcalfe, 'submit to the attendant evil for the sake of the predominant good.' But here the good is predominant. A man in robust health may indulge in exercises which would be injurious to an invalid, and may derive benefit from them. A man of mature age and competent knowledge may direct, to his own benefit and that of society, those powerful elements of nature which judiciously employed

become useful ministers to the wants of man, but which, in the hands of a child, or of one unacquainted with their management, would produce nothing but mischief. The child in time may become qualified to guide them aright, and India may in time be prepared for an extent of freedom not inferior to that enjoyed by the nations most favoured in this respect. But time is wanting. The freedom of Englishmen is the growth of centuries. Why should it be thought that in India the same results can be suddenly attained by inscribing words on a piece of paper or parchment? In all colonial communities—or communities which, though not strictly colonial in their origin, are in the position of dependencies—the character of the press is far inferior to that of the parent or protecting country—inferior in talent, knowledge, and high principle. Local squabbles—for it would be wrong to give to such disputes a more dignified name—furnish a large proportion of their material, and local libels supply the place of better sources of excitement.* This difference of character Sir Charles Metcalfe seems to have passed over: for he could not have been ignorant of it. With him a free press was a blessing, not only whatever might be the circumstances of the country, but, apparently, whatever might be the character of the press. It is true that in the course of his address he did advert to the possibility of freedom being abused, and that he read the editorial world a lecture, by which it is charitably to be hoped they were edified. It is true he warned them that by the abuse of the freedom of the press 'its proper influence' was destroyed; but it does not seem to have occurred to him that it still might have an influence which, though not 'proper,' would be wide and powerful—powerful for evil, though feeble for good. He opened the flood-gates, and then conjured the water to flow softly.†"

* "The character of part of the Indian press, soon after the period when it was thought expedient to set it free, is thus described by one of the most respectable of the Indian journals: 'The *Delhi Gazette* announces the retirement of the editor of that paper, in consequence of the violent and personal nature of the attack of the *Agra Utkar*. We think the tone of the Mofussil journals towards each other is very discredit-able to the press, and highly prejudicial to its best interests. Nobody unwilling to 'run a muck' should undertake the office of editor beyond the Mahratta ditch; within it we do now and then indulge in a gentle, sometimes a rather brisk, passage of arms; but our brethren of the Mofussil seem to think it the great object of their editorial life to bespatter each other with mud in every number of their respective journals.'—*Bengal Hurkaru*, March 19th, 1836. These editors seem to have been little benefited by Sir Charles Metcalfe's good advice."

† "In comparing the colonial press with that of the mother country, the few foul and filthy prints which exist in the latter, to the disgrace alike of their conductors and their readers, are of course excluded from consideration. The character assigned to the press of the United Kingdom is based on that of the daily morning and evening papers of the metropolis, and the more respectable of the weekly papers, together with the great mass of provincial prints, which, for the most part, contribute to maintain the reputation of the press by following the honourable example set by their metropolitan leaders. The opinion of a very high authority—perhaps the very highest living authority on Indian affairs—upon the freedom of the Indian press, cannot fail to be instructing and interesting. In his answer to a series of questions circulated by the Board of Commissioners in 1832, one of the most part, contribute to maintain the reputation of the press, the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, after adverting to the restrictions then existing, thus declared his views: 'It may be taken for granted that if the European press be free, the native one cannot long be otherwise. If all be free, we shall be in a predicament such as no state has yet experienced. In other countries the use of the press has gradually extended along with the improvement of the government and the intelligence of the people; but we shall have to contend at once with the most refined theories of Europe and with the prejudices and fanaticism of Asia, both rendered

We are free to say, that some of the Indian journals which we are in the habit of receiving are quite the turbulent and turbid reverse of this soft flow; and that it is (at our distance from the scene) often impossible to glean the real truth from their conflicting and angry statements.

But to resume our subject. The Afghanistan war, the subjugation of Sind, and the rupture with Gwalior, are the other principal topics treated of at length by the author, and with his usual comprehensiveness of view. In the first case, he justifies the resolution to restore Shoojah-ool-Moolk to the throne; and on the recall of Lord Auckland, observes:

"For obvious reasons, no attempt can be made towards a general estimate of the character of the Earl of Auckland in the manner pursued with regard to some of his predecessors. The judgment of the reader must be determined altogether by the facts recorded. The great event of his lordship's administration was the invasion of Afghanistan, and to what extent he is responsible for this is uncertain. The impression which he left in India appears to have been highly favourable, and the candid among those who dissent from his policy will unhesitatingly concede to him the possession of many qualities calculated to command respect, and many to conciliate regard. Though the larger portion of the period of his administration was passed amid the turmoil of war, he found opportunity to turn his thoughts to questions connected with the internal improvement of the country which he governed; and had his lot been cast in calmer times, it cannot be doubted that such questions would have occupied much more of his attention, and have been pursued to results of practical utility."

The invasion of Sind, and the whole course of policy pursued towards the fated Ameers, are arraigned at the bar of public opinion, and unhesitatingly condemned. The conduct of France in Algiers, and of Russia in the Caucasus, are considered as nearly parallel, and no plea is put forth to save the Indian councils from the censure bestowed on all these aggressions. The Gwalior business is also censured in most of its particulars, and the indecision and want of political foresight, in measures connected with it, are distinctly pointed out. But we can only mention these things, and refer to them as shewing that what we have said of Mr. Thornton's justice and impartiality is fully deserved; and we leave his excellent production to the patronage it so highly merits as an "honest history," with only one other quotation, in which he sums up the character of another governor-general.

"On the 15th of July it became known that his lordship had been removed from the office of governor-general by the court of directors of the East India Company. From this unusual exercise of authority, it must be concluded that the points of difference between Lord Ellenborough and those whom he served were neither few nor trivial. The precise grounds of removal were not made public, and consequently they can for the present only be inferred from a consideration of his lordship's acts. Of Lord Ellenborough, as governor-general of India, it is as yet difficult to speak with the freedom which may be used towards

doubly formidable by the imperfect education of those to whom every appeal will be addressed. These, it should be remembered, are the sentiments, not of a bigoted opponent of improvement, but of a statesman of large and enlightened views, whose name is inseparably associated with the cause of education in India—a cause of which he was the earnest advocate and zealous patron."

the statesmen of a former age. It is certain, however, that his Indian administration disappointed his friends; and if a judgment may be formed from his own declarations previously to his departure from Europe, it must have disappointed himself. He went to India the avowed champion of peace, and he was incessantly engaged in war. For the Afghan war he was not, indeed, accountable—he found it on his hands; and in the mode in which he proposed to conclude it, and in which he would have concluded it, but for the remonstrances of his military advisers, he certainly displayed no departure from the ultra-pacific policy which he had professed in England. The triumphs with which the perseverance of the generals commanding in Afghanistan graced his administration seem completely to have altered his views; and the desire of military glory thenceforward supplanted every other feeling in his breast. He would have shunned war in Afghanistan by a course which the majority of his countrymen would pronounce dishonourable. He might without dishonour have avoided war in Sind, and possibly have averted hostilities at Gwalior, but he did not. For the internal improvement of India he did nothing. He had, indeed, little time to do any thing. War, and preparation for war, absorbed most of his hours, and in a theatrical display of childish pomp many more were consumed. With an extravagant confidence in his own judgment, even on points which he had never studied, he united no portion of steadiness or constancy. His purposes were formed and abandoned with a levity which accorded little with the offensive tone which he manifested in their defence, so long as they were entertained. His administration was not an illustration of any marked and consistent course of policy; it was an aggregation of isolated facts. It resembled an ill-constructed drama, in which no one incident is the result of that by which it was preceded, nor a just and natural preparation for that which is to follow. Every thing in it stands alone and unconnected. His influence shot across the Asiatic world like a meteor, and but for the indelible brand of shame indented in Sind, like a meteor its memory would pass from the mind with its disappearance."

We have neither the means nor the wish to enter upon any opinion delivered by the writer: we have placed him, on important matters, before our readers, and they will form their own judgment on the data laid down, without an argument, *pro* or *con*, from us.

CENTO.

The Bridal of Salerno: a Romance in Six Cantos, with other Poems, &c. By J. Lodge Ellerton, M.A. Pp. 304. London, Longmans.

THE author has made Scott his model, and fairly followed in his footsteps, with that easy, flowing, and sonorous versification which is read with pleasure, and from its varying rhythm and rhymes is relieved of the sameness which often attends more severe and difficult composition. That it is also more facile to write is confessed; and what with the easy amble of the lines, and the scope given to amplification, unconfined by strict rules, it is a style well suited to the offices of romance. Another of its recommendations is the tempting readiness it offers for description; and this is one of the qualities in which Mr. Ellerton evidently delights to indulge. Nor unsuccessfully; as witness the following opening of the poem:

"The midnight air breathes soft and cool
O'er fair Salerno's glassy bay,

Which gleams like some vast waveless pool
Beneath the moonbeam's mellowed ray;
From where the fitful night-winds creep
Amid the pines that crown you steep,
Like spirit-voices on the gale,
Whispering in the moonlight pale,
The giant branches wildly moan
Deep music to the murmuring sea;
Which ever gives its answering tone
Of strange and solemn harmony.
Through tangled shrub and clustering vine,
That wrap the stem of each tall pine,
The fire-fly shoots with meteor-train,
Now glancing by—now lost again.
Bathed in a stream of silvery light,
Salerno's watch-towers glimmer bright;
And the hush'd city seems to sleep
In death-like silence, calm and deep:
No voice is heard, save where alone
Yon massive walls in darkness frown,
And from their towering height survey
The deep blue waters of the bay.
Within that castle's pillar'd hall
Which looks above the city-wall
William of Hauteville holds this night
A royal feast, and many a light
Twinkles from open casement high:
Mid distant sounds of revelry
Faint harp-notes steal upon the ear,
With trembling murmurs swelling near
Upon the fitful breeze, and now
Dying away in whispers low;
Till all is hush'd, and every sound asleep,
Save the light ripple of the chiming deep."

This quotation may be accepted as a candid sample of the whole; and, whilst feeling its descriptive beauty, the critical reader must also observe its defects, which are of a kind that runs through the entire work. The first is the perpetual occurrence of the same rhymes, and often so closely together as to evince the extreme of carelessness. Thus, in the first 54 lines, we have the rhymes 'light' and 'bright,' 'night' and 'light,' 'night' and 'dight,' 'flight' and 'light.' This bespeaks much poverty in the command of language; and within the same compass (almost every where) we could point out 'ear' as being jingled to by near, fear, dear, &c. These rhymes occur four times in fifty lines, pages 24, 5, and 6; and there are others of equal superabundance, much to the detriment of the poetry. If the author had bestowed a little more pains upon it, and endured the labour of polishing after he had thrown it off in the heat of conception, it would have been much more worthy of him and the public. But amateurship in such matters is a fatal bar to eminent distinction and popularity. We may also note that the best epithet is not always chosen, even where the rhyme has not forced an indifferent term upon the author. He might have improved many of his adjectives, so as to produce finer pictures, and add to the impressiveness of his diction. Occasional changes of time from present to past and *vice versa*, and now and then weak expletives which might easily have been avoided, are other, and the last, of the blemishes we are doomed in our critical capacity to notice.* But we have more gratification in selecting a favourable specimen of Mr. Ellerton's poetical fancy; the annexed reflections are sadly pleasing:

"Hark! 'tis the midnight chime,
Pealing slow and mournfully—
From holy Matthew's temple rung.
It tells, with hoarse, relentless tongue,
Of yet another day gone by,
From life's brief sum of time!
How many hear that midnight bell!
The gay and happy throng who dwell
Mid thoughtless pleasure's wild career,
Who for the morrow have no fear,

* For instance:—

"Few steps *did* bring him to the portal wide;
But entrance to make good, long time in vain he tried."

And

"More wildly now the combat raged,
For Manso, in the strife engaged,
Led on his troops, who fought like men
Whose doom was to be seal'd *d'en then*."

Nor dream that aught exists on earth
Save revelry and idle mirth;
And they who vainly seek repose,
For brief oblivion of their woes,
Thinking of days they loved so well,
Now start to hear that solemn bell!
It meets the ear of those who keep
Their anxious watch, in silence deep,
O'er the death-couch of one they love;
And like a warning from above,
Pebbles forth to them a boding strain,
As if to tell them hope were vain.
The doomed prisoner, in his cell,
Trembles to hear that midnight bell
He careless heard in happier years,
Ere guilty sorrow came, and tears.
He shudders!—For the last, last time,
He hears that once unheeded chime:
Oh, warning often heard in vain!
That solemn sound proclaims again,—
'While yet ye may, take heed of time,
And think that ere to-morrow's chime
Tolls slowly forth the midnight hour,
E'en ye who list may be no more!'

On the first meeting of the lovers they expound too much; and we hardly think the following applicable to the heroine's hair, which a few lines before is described as dripping wet; nay, worse, for

"Her flowing hair, with sea-drops wet,
Streams o'er the marble parapet;"

yet we are told:

"Like to a flower that fades away,
Pallid and wan the maiden lay;
Her lover bent in mute despair
And wonder o'er that form so fair!
He felt her ringlets as they strayed
Forth from their jewelled tress,
And o'er his burning temples played,
Stirred by the night-wind's breath;
Like fairy tendrils of the vine,
That flutter round the lofty pine."

A minstrel chants two lyrics in the princely hall, which have considerable spirit; and the characters are well and distinctly drawn throughout: with which compliment we conclude our brief review, adding only one example of the minor pieces (where still more polish was demanded), the first three stanzas of

"Snowdon."

I sit alone on my cloudy throne,
High sovereign of the vale;
I robe my breast in its regal vest
Of misty vapours pale:
Or I crown my brow with a wreath of snow,
That glitters beneath the sun,
Then softly gleams in the moon's pale beams,
When his glorious race is done:
Rugged and bare through the deep blue air
Sometimes I lift my brow,
And from my height survey the night
As it creeps o'er the plains below.
The cataract's roar—from the pealing shore
The voice of the stormy main—
Seen mingled in one majestic tone,
One deep and solemn strain,
With forgotten lays of by-gone days,
That wander through the sky;
Though they are fled whose voices shed
The music that still floats by.
Soft harp-notes rise with the balmy sighs
Of summer's opening rose;
And swell on the breeze with the murmur of trees,
To lull me to calm repose.
Ere sets the sun, when the day is done,
In the wide and billowy waste,
He colours my brow with a purple glow,
And bids me farewell the last.
While dewy drops hang on the tops
Of the tall and waving trees;
And sleeping flowers in their leafy bowers
Are stirred by the morning breeze:
Though he saw me last, ere to rest he passed
When his daily toil had ceased,
He salutes me first with the early burst
Of his glory in the east!"

Now, to clench our verbal criticism: in these forty lines we find 'brow' thrice as a rhyme, 'trees' and 'breeze' twice, 'sun' twice, and so forth. This was not the way Campbell won his fame; nor even the careless Scott either.

* An etymologist, not a Welsh one, suggested that the orthography of this mountain-name ought to be *Snowed-on*.

Petra and Nehemiah: Poems. By J. T. Wheeler.
Pp. 16. Oxford, Shrimpton.

The first an unsuccessful Newdigate prize-poem, but still possessing considerable merit in versifying the images of holy writ. Polish, as in most youthful essays, is wanting.

The Ocean-Flower: a Poem, &c. By T. M. Hughes, author of "Revelations of Spain."
Pp. 309. London, Longmans.

This volume is a compound of various materials: 1. a historical account of the discovery of Madeira (the island, we mean, and the Ocean-Flower of the poetry); 2. a description of it; 3. a glance at the early chivalrous enterprises of the Portuguese; 4. an essay on their literature; 5. the poem in question; and 6. and last, notes thereon. When we add, that there are, intermingled with the foregoing, legends and ballads, advice to invalids, geology and volcanic phenomena, botany, romance, statistics, &c., it may be taken for granted that there are variety and matter enough for all tastes within the compass of 300 pages.

With regard to Portuguese literature, we do not find Mr. Hughes so much at home as the late Lord Holland, nor nearly so much as its still more able expositor, Mr. Adamson of Newcastle, whose works on the subject are replete with information and interest. In respect to his other subjects, they form altogether a miscellany of agreeable and instructive reading—the poetry, we are sorry to say, being the least attractive of the number: but

"Sublime Curr! o'er thy majestic head
Forked lightnings flash, but scatheless fall on thee;
Three thousand feet below, the torrent's bed
Sends man's poor fragments whirling to the sea.

Enormous chasm, that seems as if their shock
Ten earthquakes joined in sunder earth to tear;
While pierce the clouds huge pinnacles of rock,
And Titan forms to scale Olympus dare!"

Or—

"The gallant Gazd! is his name,
Who comes dashing on Andaluz barb;
He is full of the trophies of fame,
Alcalde of Moorish Algarb.
From the lists of Galvêz he hath come,
Full of lady-gifts spurring afar,
Like a soldier at sound of the drum,
To the bower of fair Lindarajâr.

Oh, trust me, he waited not long,
When he spied his sweet lady-love's charms,
Till he leapt from his barbaro strong,
And flew into Lindara's arms."

It is good to notice, that the introductory prose and quotations occupy a third of the volume.

Reflections for Leisure Hours. By Caroline Jane Yorke. Pp. 193. London, Hatchard and Son. VERY earnest and pious, to persuade mankind that the utmost happiness and enjoyment in human life is to be found in performing the duties and cherishing the immortal hopes of Christianity.

Irene: a Poem. By Alexander Comynne. Pp. 47. London, J. Gilbert.

We presume a youthful essay, with some graceful thoughts and lines, and some of the latter not now recognised as allowable in poetry. The former we acknowledge in such expressions as these:

"The voice of day is silent now,
And hushed is every sound,
Save when the spirit of the waving bough
Its music breathes around.

It is not day, it is not night—"

[Not quite new]—but the sequent half-page is a just sample of the whole:

"It is not day, it is not night:
The tranquil flood of amber light
That lingers on the mountain's brow,
And casts its fading tints below,

That parting, yet in union holds
The approaching twilight's dusky folds;
And the pure brilliance of the west,
That glids afar the æthereal vest;
Combine an atmosphere of bliss,
So soft, so calm, to human sense;
There breathes around such innocence
Of thought and passion, that the soul,
Springing beyond its earthly goal,
And free as its own element,
With health and vigour redolent,
Dwells in ideal happiness.
It is not night: the veil of bliss
That hangs o'er nature, shrouds a rest,
Oh, far more exquisitely blest!
'Tis day, now melted into peace."

This versification cannot pass current; but we have seen worse beginnings than Mr. Comynne's turn out well.

Memoir of John Aubrey, F.R.S., &c. &c. By John Britton, F.S.A., &c. 4to, pp. 131. Published by the Wiltshire Topographical Society.

NONE but persons acquainted with the difficulties of research in ascertaining past facts and dates, correcting errors, comparing statements so as to get them to correspond, and extracting truth from masses of received misrepresentation and accredited fallacy, can surmise how much pains and labour the indefatigable author must have bestowed on this memoir. From its examination we feel certain that he has discharged the duty of a *bona fide* and diligent editor most conscientiously, and left no inquiry unsifted which could lead him to as ample and accurate an account of Aubrey as it is now possible to accomplish.* For ourselves, we are not sure that we consider the antiquary of the seventeenth century worthy of so much trouble; but whatever the public might think, the Wiltshire Topographical Society cannot but be much gratified with the performance in honour of one who (if living) would necessarily have been one of its chiefest and most active ornaments.

John Aubrey was born in 1625-6, and died in 1697; and of his career within these two periods, embracing seventy years, Mr. Britton says:

"In examining the published accounts of John Aubrey's literary and personal career, I soon found that several of the circumstances and dates mentioned in them were inconsistent, contradictory, and improbable, and appeared to rest on slight foundations; that the information to be gathered from them was very unsatisfactory and imperfect; and that an attentive perusal even of his printed works would supply better details of his life and actions. I had long possessed some extracts of a personal nature from his manuscripts in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and was persuaded that a careful examination, not only of those papers—of which, in fact, no complete list has hitherto been printed—but of his writings in other places, was essential to the preparation of a correct and judicious biography. * * * By this course (he adds, after mentioning other steps), I have produced at least a consistent and authentic memoir; and if it tends to increase the reputation of John Aubrey as a zealous and industrious antiquary, and an honourable and upright man, I shall be rewarded for the labour it has involved. Himself a judicious and discriminating biographer, it is remarkable that Aubrey should have been so slightly noticed by those who have professed to write accounts of his life and literary works."

Of these a sketch is given, from the earliest

* We have had great satisfaction in learning that H.R.H. Prince Albert has sent a subscription of ten guineas towards the testimonial in honour of this veteran antiquary and votary of literature.

by Dr. R. Rawlinson in 1719, to the latest in the present day, and our authority observes, "as a singular feature in the previous biographies of Aubrey, that the date of his birth has been erroneously stated in some of them; and that until now neither the day nor even the year of his death, nor the place of his interment, has been correctly ascertained. After a series of inquiries in many quarters, as to his death and burial, resulting only in disappointment, it was at last almost by accident that I was directed by a manuscript note of Dr. Rawlinson's to the church of St. Mary Magdalene, at Oxford; on searching the registers of which, Dr. Ingram found the record of his burial. It is surprising that a man so well known to the literati of Oxford should quit the scene of life thus unregarded by his contemporaries and immediate successors, and that nearly a century and a half should have elapsed before the publication of this obituary record."

And he continues:

"That the present memoir has been the result of extensive and diligent research and inquiry must be apparent to every reader: that it is not more copious and complete no one can regret more than myself; for the subject and the times to which it refers are replete with interest, as well as with important matter for the consideration of the biographer and historian: and materials for their further elucidation once existed, and perhaps are still concealed in some obscure unexplored repository. I have devoted many years to inquiry and collection, and sought for information from every available source. In some instances, indeed, I have to apprehend that such inquiries have been deemed impertinent, or too troublesome to be noticed; as I have written letters to two principal descendants of the Aubrey family without obtaining replies. I have been likewise unsuccessful in procuring any account either of the present owner of the *Monumenta Britannica* (mentioned in page 87), or of its condition. On the death of Mr. Churchill, of Henbury, the Dorsetshire parts of his library and property were sold by auction, and it is not unlikely that the manuscript referred to was amongst the objects then disposed of. Some of the unsold books descended to his cousin, the late Sir Charles Greville, and from that baronet were transferred to his brother, the present Earl of Warwick, who, in answer to my application, very promptly and politely writes, that he cannot find any trace of the Aubrey manuscript in his collection. It is lamentable and surprising that four volumes of such writings should thus be so heedlessly neglected, and perhaps lost."

These quotations sufficiently explain the nature of the work; and though defeated in some cases, either by listlessness and apathy, or by other unknown causes, shew how civilly and sensibly applications for information were elsewhere met. Whilst acknowledging the latter, Mr. B. says of the Ashmolean Museum:

"Although the fees for searching and examining the archives of that valuable Museum are comparatively moderate, I think they should not be required from professional authors; for added to travelling expenses, residence from home, &c., such charges tend to make authorship expensive."

Indeed, too much cannot be done to prevent the heavy charge of money being accumulated on the heavy charge of time devoted to such pursuits; but we are a commercial country; we have vested interests in every corner; and to be able to get any thing for nothing is limited within the smallest imaginable circle of true-

hearted and genuine lovers of literature for its own sake.

The illustrations of the volume are a portrait after Faithorne; a view of Lower Easton-Pierse, the birthplace of Aubrey, from a drawing by himself; and also his horoscope, from his own drawing, the original of which is in the Ashmolean Museum. These astrological computations are curious signs of the times, the mesmeric superstitions in another shape of two centuries ago. And as the present is an amusing instance of the delusion, we cannot better exemplify Mr. Britton's work than by selecting a portion of what relates to it as our specimen illustration.

"The downfall of astrology was effected by a combination of causes. The great discoveries in astronomy, soon after the formation of the Royal Society, proved the fallacy of the views on which the 'celestial scheme,' or 'horoscope,' was drawn. The degraded character of its professors naturally led to the degradation of the art itself; and perhaps the quaint, satirical, 'Hudibras' of Butler had some share in producing this result. The three parts of that celebrated poem were published from 1663 to 1678, and the character of Sidrophel affords a strongly marked and ludicrous picture of the judicial astrologer of the time. It is probable that this character was intended as a satire upon Lilly, who is, at all events, expressly ridiculed in the same work, under the names of 'English Merlin' and 'Erra Pater.' The operation of these causes became manifest very soon after Aubrey's death; and it is not too much to infer that, had he lived a few years more, his treatise on 'Her-

metic Philosophy,' as he terms the 'Miscellanies,' would never have been published. His sagacity and shrewdness on other subjects justify the belief that, in a more enlightened age, he would have been amongst the first to discountenance and expose the fallacies of that 'occult science.' The leading features in Aubrey's literary and mental character, thus generally noticed, are further exemplified in the following autobiographical notices of his early life and studies, copied from the manuscript of his 'Lives of Eminent Men,' in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. These reminiscences were probably overlooked when the selection from those lives were published, in the work entitled 'Letters from the Bodleian Library;' for, holding his literary labours, as the editors of that publication did, in such high esteem, it is not otherwise easy to account for their omission. These notes, which are now printed for the first time, were evidently written (as were the majority of the memoirs in the same work) at different times; the facts being narrated in a loose and vague manner, and blanks left for names, dates, and sums, which, not occurring to Aubrey's recollection when he wrote, were never afterwards supplied. They are covered with interlineations and marginal additions, and in many parts so illegibly written that it is difficult to decipher many of the words. The singular and unaccountable transitions from the first to the third person in the manuscript from which the following is printed, are remarkable. The article is here given verbatim: the heading prefixed to it shews how little value Aubrey set upon it himself.



"I. A.

"To be interposed as a sheet of wast paper only at the binding of a booke.

"This person's life is more remarquable in an Astrological respect, then for any advancement of learning, having, from his birth (till of late years) been labouring under a crowd of ill directions: for his escapes of many dangers in journeys both by land and water. He was borne at Easton Pierse, (a hamlet in the parish of Kington Saint Michael,) in the hundred of Malmesbury, in the countie of Wilts, (his Mother's inheritance, D. and H. of Mr. Isaac Lyte), March the 12, (St. Gregories day,) A.D. 1625, about sun-rising; being very weak, and like to dye, that he was christned before morning prayer.

"I gott not strength till I was 11 or 12 years old, but had belly ake, paine in the side, sickness of vomiting for 12 houres, every fortnight for . . . yeares, then about monthly, then quarterly, and at last once in half a yeare: about 12 it ceased.

"When a boy bred at Eston, (in Eremiticall solitude,) was very curious, his greatest delight to be with the Artificers that came there, e.g. joyners, carpenters, cowpers, masons, and understood their trades; horis vacuis, I drew and painted. In 1634 was entred in his Latin gramer by Mr. R. Latimer, a delicate and little person, rector of Leigh-de-la-mere,—a mile, fine walk,—who had an easie way of teaching; and every time we asked leave to go forth, we had a Latin word from him, w^{ch} at our returne

we were to tell him again: which in a little while amounted to a good number of words. 'Twas my unhappiness in half a year to lose this good enforcer by his death, and afterwards was under several dull ignorant teachers till 12, 1638, about which time I was sent to Blandford school, in Dorset. W. Sutton, B.D. who was ill-natured. Here I recovered my health, and got my Latin and Greeke. Our usher had (by chance) a Cowper's Dictionary, which I had never seen before. I was then in Terence. Perceiving his method, I read all in the booke where Ter. was, and then Cicero, which was

way the means by which I got my Latin. 'Twas a wonderfull helpe to my phansie in reading of Ovid's *Metamorph.* in English by Sandys, which made me understand the Latin the better. Also I mett accidentally a booke of my Mother's,—Bacon's *Essayes*,—which first opened my understanding on the moralls, (for Tullies *Offices* were too crabbed for my young yeares,) and the excellent clearnesse of the style, and hints, and transitions.

'I was alway enquiring of my grandfather of the old time, the rood loft, &c., ceremonies of the Priory, &c. At 8 I was a kind of Engineer, and I fell then to Drawing, beginning first with plaine outlines, e.g. in draughts of . . . : then on to colours, being only my owne instructor. Copied pictures in the parlor in a table booke. I was wont (I remember) much to lament with myselfe that I lived not in a city, e.g. Bristol where I might have access to watchmakers, locksmiths, &c. Not very much care for gram'. Apprehensive enough, but my memorie not tenacious, so that then a boy, I was a promising morne enough, of an inventive and philosophical head. My witt was alwaies working, but not to verse. Exceeding mild of spirit, mightily susceptible of fascination. Strong and early impulse to antiquities. Tacitus and Juvenal. Look't through logique and some ethiques.

'He began to enter into pocket mdm booke, philosophical and antiquarian remarques A.D. 1654, at Llantrithid.

'In April I fell sick of the small pox at Trin. Coll; and when I recovered, after Trin. weeke, my father sent for me into the country again, where I conversed with none but servants and rustiques, (to my great greefe, for in those days fathers were not acquainted with their children,) and soldiers quartered. Odi prophanum vulgus et arceo. It was a most sad life to me then, in the prime of my youth, not to have the benefit of an ingenious conversation, and scarce any good booke. Almost a consumption. This sad life I did lead in the country till 1646, at which time I got (with much adoe) leave of my father to let me goe to the M. Temple. April 16, 1646, admitted. 24 June following Oxon was surrendered, and there came to London many of the King's party, with whom I grew acquainted (many of them I knew before). I loved not debauches, but their martiall conversation: was not so fit for the messe. Novemb. 6 I returned to Trin. Coll. in Oxon. again to my great joy: was much made of by the fellows, had their learned conversation, lookt on booke, musique. . . . A° 165-, Octob. —, my father dyed, leaving me debts 1800 lib., and law proeed. 1000 lib. A° 16— I began my law suite on the entaile in Brecon, which lasted till . . . , and it cost me 1200 lib. A° . . . I was to have married Mrs. K. Ryves, who dyed when to be married. . . . 2000 lib., besides counting one of her brothers 1000 lib. p. ann. A° . . . I made my will, and settled my

estate on trustees, intending to have seen the antiq. of Rome and Italy, and then to have returned and married; but (Diis aliter visum este superis) viz. . . . to my inexpressible grieve and ruine, hindered the designe, which was my . . . cause. But notwithstanding all these embarrasments, I did . . . (as they occurred) tooke notes of antiq., and having a quick draught, have drawn landskips on horseback symbolically, e.g. journey to Ireland in July, A° Dom. 166—.

'Stomach so tender that I could not drinke claret without sugar, nor white wine but 'twould disgorge; not well recovered till 1670.

'It was J. A. that did put Mr. Hobbes upon writing his *Treatise de Legibus*, which is bound up with his *Rhetorique*; that one cannot find it but by chance.'''

We will add nothing to these characteristic traits; but "for farther particulars inquire within." The following is a complete list of Aubrey's works:—

"1. Antiquities of Wiltshire, after the method of Sir W. Dugdale's Description of Warwickshire. 2 parts in fol.—2. Monumenta Britannica. 3 parts fol. With Mr. Secretary Trumbull.—3. Memoires of Naturall Remarques in Wilts. 2 parts fol.—4. Ramblation of halfe the County of Surrey. Fol. With Mr. J. Evelyn.—5. Miscellanea. Fol.—6. Lives. 3 parts.—7. Mr. Th. Hobbes' Life in English.—8. An Apparatus of the Lives of English Mathematicians. A qr. at Gresham Colledge.—9. Idea of Education of Young Gentlemen from 9 to 18. Fol. The correct copie is with Anthony Henley, Esq. at ye Grange, in Hampshire.—10. Remarques of Gentillesse. 3 parts, sc. about 3 qrs. With Dr. Kennet.—11. Villare Anglicanum, (to be interpreted. Fol.—12. A Collection of Divine Dreames from persons of my acquaintance, worthy of belief. 8vo.—13. Hypothesis Ethicæ & Scala Religionis. With Dr. Waple, Minister of Sepulchres by Newgate.—14. A Collection of Genitures well attested. 4to.—15. Easton Piers delineated.—16. Villa, or a Description of the Prospects from Easton Piers.—17. Faber Fortunæ, a private essay.—18. A Collection of Approved Receipts.—19. A Collection of Letters, writt to me from about 200 ingeniose persons such ½ thick. This I designe for the Museum.—20. Adversaria Physica.—21. An Introduction to Architecture.—22. Some Strictures of Hermetick Philosophy, collected by J. Aubrey. With Dr. Waple."

Big Abel and the Little Manhattan. By Cornelius Mathews. Pp. 93. Wiley and Putnam, London and New York.

An American story, the bearings of which we do not so clearly apprehend as we presume American readers will do. It pictures the society, business, pursuits, and pleasures of New York in an ironical manner, of which the following may be taken as a sample:

"The city wide awake again! Nimble, serpent-eyed, fresh, how he bears his crest this Monday morning, as though he had got back somehow to his prime, without a thought of all his cares and crosses and riots! Clear and wide awake! Every body abroad, with a new face born of Sunday! Everybody with a sprightly good-morrow! Everybody at a higher rate of speed! People coming in from the Islands, from Jersey, from down the Bay, ripe for new traffic on the keenest edge! The cartmen hurrying to the wharves in clean frocks; collars even, snow-white, twinkling among the whiskers of omnibus-drivers! 'Up Broadway! Right-up! Right-up!' This was the cry, passing the Bowling-Green. Presently a gouty old gentleman, from one of the hotels, is got in. 'Up Broadway? Right-up! Right-up!' How the great square stage rolls about, like a heavy fellow as he is, upon his wheels! He's in no hurry—you may be sure of that. A confused grumbling in his bowels, and the gouty old gentleman seen, through the windows, to be growing red in the face. A voice down the money-hole, and silence; followed by a motion, on the part of the stage, of six paces; a pause;

and still the cry goes on—'Right-up! Up Broadway! Right-up!' Wall-street, now. Plenty pouring down, neat-dressed, trim-whiskered, but none coming out; a fine full flow of smoothly-shaven, well broad-clothed, sprightly gentlemen as eye can light upon. Not frightful, and blood-seeking, and cruel-eyed as the story goes out of doors; but nice, comfortable persons, as ready for a good turn, when their hand is in, as though their business lay in Rose-street, where the Quakers live!

The cheerful chirrup of the drivers still kept up; the pale, quick men, whose fingers change all to gold they touch, still poured down the street. The flood of porters, clerks, and masters, increased and deepened as they went on; but, a little further on, the stream was ruffled with a sudden cry, and there came tearing through it, as for life or death, a line of ragged boys. With what watchful faces everybody listened: with eager hands clutched out from underneath the arms of these the sheets they bore: and on they sped, more furious in their cry as they neared Wall-street. 'Extra Sun! Extra Tribune! Extra Herald!' The Great Western steamship was in, of a Sunday (always of a Sunday!), and the news-boys laid themselves out in a big hour's work to make it known. Barnum's now; Barnum's Museum, with the giant, full-length upon his canvass, going to take the dwarf: you see the little fellow quite well if you carry a spy-glass: by way of a pinch of snuff. The band hard at work in the balcony; that patriotic band, whose wind will blow nothing but 'Hail, Columbia' and 'The Star-Spangled Flag' for a hundred years, if they hold out so long. The moose, the elk, the buffalo; these were all up stairs; almost as good as life. . . . Then there rolled past the fork of the Park, in a good deal of dust which it was at the pains to raise for itself, by help of two great coach-horses, fed up to the last oat, a carriage all in blue, a crown all of gold (no doubt some near kinsman of good Queen Victoria within!) upon the panel, a couple of live boys holding on behind, in blue, too. Lankey Fogle was taken strongly with the paint, although he had a notion that pure red, as being more according to his honest Indian taste, would have been a shade or two nearer the thing. Big Abel—a strange fellow, he! burst out with a laugh so quick, so hearty and tempestuous, one would have thought dashing against its side it must have shattered blue-coach all to naught; but blue-coach rolled away, and Big Abel, with Lankey, recollecting dinner, stepped back a square or two, and were at a door where, at this hour, a broad stream of busy-looking men poured in and out, without a pause. And well they might! There was a saloon for you! Where the eagle that spreads his wings above it whets his beak every morning (it is said) upon a carving-knife; where flags fly at the house-top to make known to all the town about that dinner's ready; where, without end, along the floor small tables stand and call for company, with salt-cellar, pepper-box, and black-bottle, with his quill, for pepper-sauce (or some such thing); where young gentlemen, all alike as twins, in white jackets and aprons (white once, it is said, and since the Flood), run to and fro, in answer to a hubbub on every side, from every one and all at once, interpretable by them alone; where strange dishes float along the air, sometimes a bowl, steaming high with nothing to prompt him, inside; then a yellow ball (pudding, it is said) upon a plate; then a cup, with a faded spoon upright therein, waxing sadder day by day, till some day or other he will go off, as has

his element of chocolate before, in dregs; then gasping with great eyes, swimming through the room, a fish (this is tradition, for who that lives can tell when he has seen the sea?). There was a time for Lankey and Big Abel! Cheap, too! Anything you choose to call for, and no charge worth mentioning, and it was sure to come out of a mysterious cavern somewhere in the earth thereabouts, in some shape or other; and when the door which led back into the cavern opened with a waiter, what a rush of steams and odours. Five thousand dishes inside, all in a hurry to get out; and coming out so fast, in such a confused way, I guess that saloon ought to keep a chemical gentleman to call 'em by name. Anyhow, the Little Manhattan and Big Abel (thank Heaven for that!) got forth with their lives; and proceeded up the city again by way of Park Row; and as they passed along, the door-ways of the Row, they saw, were held by men who were all nicely shaven as to the face, and in a high state of embellishment, with well-cut coats, new hats, striped pants, great chains across their breast, and heavy rings upon the finger. These were butchers, tradesmen, and others of that stamp, who, having fallen in with fortune one day,—the acquaintance came about through a little rattling box,—stand at leisure on these steps when off duty at the green table up stairs, serenely ignoring their old professions; and looking abroad from the cleanest shirt-collars, and with the reddest of well-fed gills, upon their world of old acquaintance. Neither Lankey nor Big Abel made any claim to these persons, but allowed them to stand just as they did; striving to look innocent and childlike with all their might.

"To close the day, they resorted to a refectory, hard by: a spruce, elegant, fashionable, that's-your-sort, refectory: where they were allowed, at tip-top prices, to embower themselves in a genteel stall, and to be shut in by gorgeous blue curtains, in company with a casar all of silver; when there came to them, at tip-top prices, a gentlemanly man of a mulatto aspect, who was good enough (still on the same terms) to request their pleasure; which, being known, he returned presently at tip-top speed, to answer to the prices, with a dish of birds (quails, he called them; that was the dialect of the place), very much crisped up, very much be-saged and be-seasoned and be-condimented; and the quails flew away presently—tip-top, from the first moment to the last. Then wine of the same family. Then the genteel stall fell in and lost compass, and was altogether too narrow for Big Abel and Lankey, who, putting their heads forth from time to time, made discovery of numbers of elegant young gentlemen coming in, bringing with them little black smutches upon the lip, and cocked hats, and small canes, which all together proceeded to a white marble bar, and were impertinent. But, still, at tip-top prices, everything being allowed, on these terms, at that shop. Neither Lankey nor Big Abel went out, as you may guess, to find lodgings that night, but made the best of the refectory, picking out a downy spot, and dreaming, one of them, all night long of a hideous man (the civillest man in the world!) with a bill, bearing a strong family likeness to the silent man in the bar."

Mesmerism: Cases and Disclosures. By James Arnott. London, J. C. Moore.

A MIXTURE of mesmerism in its wildest and radicalism in its rankest forms, served out

weekly to edify the people. As a sample of the former, if not of both, including balderdash and profanity, imposture and impiety, read the annexed:—

"To-day at noon. Mary being present, I put Ellen into the clairvoyant state, and asked whether she saw the angel Alicia. 'Yes.'—'Ask what made me red to-day.'—'God makes his light to shine on you as he thinks fit.'—'Am I to speak to Mr. Walpole?'—'Yes. The angel Alicia has gone up; I see her far up.' Ellen here started on her chair, and seemed restless. On being asked the reason, she said, 'Four angels have come into the room, and they are very different from any I have seen before; they are far too bright to look upon.' Here she again started, and seemed as restless as before. 'There is now another angel in the room, like the other four. There is now a sixth, and he is Jesus Christ. They are all far too bright to look upon.'—'What is Jesus doing?'—'He is leaning over you, and has his hands upon your head.' The same question was asked several times, and the same answer returned. She then said, 'He is standing at your right hand, leaning on his cross.' Mary, I may remark, asks the questions while I write. She also says she sees the six figures; she sees Jesus Christ, but he does not seem to her so bright as Ellen described him; she can look at him quite well. Fanny, the servant, came into the room at three minutes past one, when both Ellen and Mary said, 'The angels have gone up quickly out of sight.' I asked Ellen why the angels had raised themselves on Fanny's entrance. She said, 'The pure holy beings cannot look upon such sinful creatures.' At five minutes after one, Mary asked Ellen, 'Where is Jesus Christ now?'—'He has gone up out of my sight.' At a quarter past one, she said, 'I see him again, but he has not got his cross.' On hearing this, I said, 'The Christian dispensation has then ceased.' Mary asked Ellen, 'Is Mr. Arnott right in his belief regarding Jesus Christ?'—'Yes.'—'Who says so?'—'Jesus Christ.' Both girls said they saw him speak to the angel Alicia, who was one of the other five angels. 'Jesus is now suspended above you with his wings extended; he has put his hand over all your head, but especially on your forehead,' which I felt excited with holy calmness and a sensation of fullness. 'He has gone away, and the angel Alicia has come and put her hand upon your forehead also: the sensation was not quite so intense, but very pleasing. The other four angels were female figures, and had wings; Mrs. Arnott had none. The whole had crowns on their heads; but Jesus Christ and the four female angels had no canopy over their heads; but they had very bright robes, and were altogether much brighter than Alicia. At twenty minutes past one, three young ladies came in, when all the angels left, the instant the door was opened."

One is almost tempted to wish there were censors of the press, when they see such deplorable trash published; the only effect of which upon the ignorant must be, to bring every thing that is valuable to human beings into contempt.

Pictorial Penny Shakespeare. Part I. 8vo, pp. 40, double cols. London, J. C. Moore.

Pictorial Penny Balladist. Part I. 8vo, pp. 40, double cols., Monthly Parts. The same.

THESE are singular productions. *The Tempest* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* for fivepence halfpenny is sufficiently cheap, we hope, to

satisfy the lowest of economists. But the Bal-lads strike us as yet more deserving of our notice; for they not only require judgment in selecting, but intelligence in editing. These seem to us to have been bestowed upon them as much as if published in a larger and more imposing form, and thus to have commenced a very promising series.

The Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Sulphur, under the Command of Capt. Sir E. Belcher, R.N., C.B. No. X. Ichthyology. By J. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

LIKE all that have gone before, this is a beautifully got up No. Ten plates filled with the extraordinary forms of the fish of the African coasts, display such a variety of shapes, some of them almost monstrous, that we almost fancy the very successful labours of the burin misapplied. The curiously spotted *Philypnus Sinensis* (*Ocellicanda*), the odd-looking *Tetrados* and *Balistes*, *Clarias*, *Gobins*, &c. are all figured with the utmost accuracy; and we need not say that in Dr. Richardson's hands the scientific descriptions are perfect.

Critical Letters. By H. R. P. Halle, &c. Letter II. [We do not remember having seen the first.] Pp. 14. Houlston and Stoneman.

MR. HALLE treats of education, and his opinion is in common, he says, with every exact logician in Christendom, "that the legitimate consequence of the prevailing educational methods, of public-school methods especially, has often been the 'development' of a semi-intelligent scamp, rather than the constitution of strong-souled, fresh-hearted youthhood."

Whether the increase, if there be an increase, of scamphood is owing to the systems of education, or to the altered circumstances in the race of after-life into which every one is plunged on leaving school, is a question we will not stop to discuss. Probably the latter has more influence than the former in our push-along times, when money has become the universal standard for every consideration, and engulfed the claims of virtue, science, and learning. But if attributable to the former, it can only be considered as a proof that too many cooks do spoil the broth, and render us the more reluctant to admit another, even with the pretensions of Mr. Halle, to get his finger into the pie. He, in this brief pamphlet, chiefly objects to the mere cultivators of memory, on the one hand, and of the emotions of the heart not in union with the reasoning powers, on the other, as injudicious modes of education; and arraigns the *Times*' Irish Commissioner for asserting that the Protestant population of that country are superior to the Roman Catholics, and attributing it to race. Far be it from us to meddle with the dogmas of that travelling potentate: we leave the question between him and the author.

The Philosophy of Human Happiness. By W. Robinson, author of "Self-Education," &c. Pp. 176. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Leeds, Webb and Millington.

WITH much good sense, and not much of originality, the author of this little book has composed a useful treatise upon one of the most important of all human questions, How is happiness to be attained? It is a volume worthy the serious regard of readers, and must minister to their welfare.

Exercises in Logic. By J. T. Gray, Ph. D. Pp. 148. Taylor and Walton.

A USEFUL book for young collegians.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Sept. 27, 1845.

Academy of Sciences : sittings of Sept. 15 and 22.—Several communications on the potato-disease were read, some attributing its origin to the fungous parasite, others to the bad state of the weather: a commission has been named to report upon the subject. M. Gruby announces the discovery, in the affected tubercles, of a great quantity of the *Acarus* in all stages and states of existence. M. Dumas asserts that marine salt, which has been recommended by some as an antiseptic, hastens in an extraordinary degree the putrefaction of the tubercles attacked. M. V. Paquet advises the use of powdered quick-lime mixed with soot and pounded charcoal as a preservative of the sound potatoes from contagion. General experience goes to prove the harmlessness of the disease in regard to food, even when the whole of the tainted portion may not have been cut away.

The experiments of M. Cahours lead him to consider the perchloride of phosphorus as a compound resulting from the union of equal volumes of chlorine and of the protochloride of phosphorus, with condensation to one-half.

M. Cahours has produced *urêthane* (Dumas) from the simple reaction of ammonia on carbonic ether.

M. De la Rive writes that, for the lighting of mines by voltaic electricity, he employs a battery of several concentric copper or platinum cylinders, separated from each other by porous cylinders, so as to form a series of four or five couples. The positive metal is an amalgam of zinc, or, still better, an amalgam of potassium; the liquid a solution of sulphate of copper, or of chloride of platinum, according to the negative metal. One of the greatest difficulties experienced is, to have the light constant: this, however, he has overcome, in a great measure, by using small hollow and thin coke cylinders, similar to those in Bunsen's battery, but much less, and by arranging them as wicks in a lamp. A metallic ring, or thick disc, of the same diameter as the coke cylinder, is placed above it, so that the electric current should escape between the two. Care is taken that the current passes from the coke below to the metal above, in order that the particles of the former, carried up, may fall again by their own weight. This whole arrangement is hermetically sealed in a glass globe. It is not necessary to exhaust it of air, because the oxygen it contains is soon absorbed by the incandescent coke; but all communication with the external air must be intercepted. The battery outside the globe is connected by metallic ties, which communicate—the one with the coke cylinder, the other with the metal conductor.

MM. Ledoyen and Raphanel have patented a disinfecting liquid, composed of 125 grammes of nitrate of lead to 1000 grammes of water. It is said to be very efficacious; the nitrate is readily decomposed, and sulphuret, chloride, and sulphate of lead formed; the nitric acid going off as ammonia, or combining with the soda present.

M. Biot, having been presented by M. Solcic with a great number of plates of rock-crystal of different thicknesses, and cut with greater exactness than any he had before met with, perpendicularly to their axis, has most satisfactorily confirmed his former experiments on the rotatory phenomena of quartz.

The law propounded by M. Laurent, that in all organic combinations the sum of the atoms of azote and of hydrogen (or the substitutes of

hydrogen) is always divisible by four, has been confirmed by new analyses for all these bodies, the purity of which could be depended upon, the melonurets apparently excepted. Melon, according to Liebig, contains $C^{12} Az^8$: treated with potash, a melonuret of potassium, $C^{12} Az^8 K$, is formed; and when an acid is poured on this salt, hydromelonic acid, $C^{12} Az^8 H^2$, is precipitated. M. Gerhardt denied the exactness of these formulæ; but M. Liebig, after a new examination of these bodies, persisted in their correctness. In this state of things, MM. Laurent and Gerhardt together have investigated the question. The result of their analyses gives for melon $C^{12} Az^8$, agreeing with Liebig; but for the melonuret of potassium $C^{12} Az^8 H^2 KO^2$, and for hydromelonic acid $C^{12} Az^8 H^4 O^2$. These formulæ were ably maintained in the memoir, experimentally and argumentatively.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

From our page 627 we resume the account of the Winchester meeting.

Mr. Beresford Hope animadverted on the unsafe condition of the far-famed Croyland Abbey; the west front of which was in so perilous a state, that the next high wind might level it with the ground. [What the Institute can do to provide against such a misfortune we cannot tell; but we are obliged to Mr. Hope for directing attention to it, and we believe we may say, that there is still a greater debt of thanks owing to him for having, at very considerable cost, undertaken to convert the ruins of St. Augustine Abbey at Canterbury into a well-endowed College for the education of persons in the middle ranks of life for the priesthood of the Church of England.] In the Saturday Architectural Section the same gentleman read an account of the Priory Church, Christ's Church, Hants.—Mr. Ferrey another, on the churches of Crondall and Christ Church, and Mr. Carter a third on the church of East Meon; adding three more to the numerous papers on Church-architecture, which, in fact, nearly swamped all the other subjects and sectional proceedings announced in the programme.* This was to be regretted, for, through the favourable consideration of the Dean and Chapter, the working antiquaries belonging to this division had access to the cathedral muniments, which, we have reason to think, are rich in historical remains; and whether from incapacity to avail themselves of the opportunity, or from want of inclination to investigate other subjects as carefully as those connected with the clerical and professional feelings of the numerous body of churchmen present (there were close upon a hundred Reverends, *i. e.* 95, in the printed list of 269 male and female members), it is certain that the golden occasion was neglected.†

* "Church-architecture in England (says a Roman Catholic periodical) is one of the banners of Puseyism and of the progress of Rome."

† Yet were any matters of history announced by the programmes with a rather auctioneer ostentatiousness; as thus:

"Thursday, September 11.—In the course of the morning a meeting of the Historical Section will take place. Communications will be read by T. Hudson Turner, Esq., on the history of Winchester, and its commercial importance, from the earliest times; to the municipal records of the city, by Charles Bailey, Esq.; the Winchester mint, by Edward Hawkins, Esq.; and interesting historical details connected with the county of Hants, by Sir Frederick Madden, Rev. J. Ingram, D.D., William Sydney Gibson, Esq., John Gough Nichols, Esq., &c."

Of all which we might say, *parturiant montes*, &c. &c. some of the mice never appearing at all; and S. Gale's octavo of 1715, and Dr. Milner, furnishing the biggest of the rest.

At the evening meeting, after the delightful refreshment of the cathedral music, another paper of Prof. Whewell's on the distinction of styles in architecture in general, and their names (a little more than the learned Master of Trinity had learnt from Rickman), was read; and another, by Mr. Charles Winston, on the painted glass in Winchester cathedral, which glass, by the by, is much in the situation of a hundred broken windows being thrown into one, like a patchwork-quilt, but only without any order or attempt to preserve figures or patterns. Mr. Winston thought there were fragments as early as the beginning of the 13th century; and he attributed much of the beauty of the choicest specimens to the texture of the glass.

Mr. W. S. Vaux read a notice of records in the corporation-chest of Southampton, following up Mr. Wright's notes and extracts at the preceding meeting. He also quoted amusing examples of old customs, fines, punishments, &c., some of the latter being hardly fit for ears polite or lady auditors.

This, however, varied and concluded the scene, the extracts, we presume, being obtained by means of the catalogues of the corporation, rather than from wading through the yet undescribed documents. The noble chairman apologised for the many promised papers which had been unavoidably passed over,* and the assembly broke up.†

The note from our provincial contemporary, which we have just appended, gives a very correct idea of the two meetings. At the first, that of the British Archæological Association, there was a great deal of research, and consequent information on the antiquarian subjects into which their plan was divided, viz. Primæval, Mediæval, Architectural, and Historical Antiquities; about seventy communications being read, and not many minutes during the whole week allotted for making speeches. At the second, that of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, there was more of brilliancy, and less of work; and the work suffered from various reasons, such, for example, as being a sequel and imitative;‡ as being

* And they were indeed legion: for, besides others advertised from day to day at Winchester, the following, in the original London announcements, never came to light: "Communications on various subjects of historical and antiquarian inquiry have also been supplied, or are in the course of preparation, for this occasion, by the following gentlemen: Rev. H. Addington, J. Auldjo, Esq., Rev. C. Bingham, W. Bromet, Esq., M.D., S. M. Coles, Esq., Sir H. Dryden, Bart., Rev. J. Fawcett, Rev. W. H. Gunner, Rev. A. Hussey, R. C. Hussey, Esq., F.S.A., Rev. W. C. Lukis, Rev. S. R. Maitland, F.S.A., Rev. R. F. Meredith, C. Newton, Esq., J. L. Patterson, Esq., C. Scagrinn, Esq., Rev. D. J. Stewart, T. Stapleton, Esq., F.S.A., F. Tytler, Esq., Rev. J. Ward, Sir R. Westmacott, R.A."

† "We are bound" (says the *Hampshire Advertiser*, an ably conducted local news paper, in concluding its report). "in justice to add, that the Archæologists who assembled under Lord Albert Conyngham were a far more energetic and working body than those congregated under the Marquis of Northampton. The former were incessantly engaged in active operations, rummaging the municipal treasures of Winchester and Southampton, and prosecuting 'the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties' of all kinds. The latter are 'the refined and fashionable attendants at lectures upon subjects having no peculiarly local interest, excepting, of course, the cathedral, the college, and St. Cross.' The labours of the Association are now almost completed; the number of papers already read do not exceed fifteen in number, and twelve more are to be read this day. During the stay of the former Association, more than four times as many papers were disposed of. This has indeed been a gay week in Winchester, the old city not having witnessed for many years such an influx of rank, talent, and beauty, whilst the very rev. the dean, the warden, and others of the resident clergy and gentry, have hospitably entertained large numbers of their friends."

‡ There was something laughable in their Sections meeting in the *Nisi Prius* Court, where half their

too much occupied with what might better pertain to the Cambridge Camden Society, and its commingling disputes of orthodoxy and Puseyism; and as producing a very modicum of intelligence on the most interesting topics of antiquarian investigation, especially when coupled with the attractive show of names so complacently exhibited and extolled in all their addresses, printed or oral.

Of the *finale* on Monday, when the name was surrendered, and great exultation was displayed, we have already briefly spoken; and the matter is so unpalatable to us, that we wish we could avoid saying one word more.

The Rev. Mr. Maitland, the treasurer, gave a cheering account of the state of the finances, and Mr. Way read a "satisfactory report." [We copy from the newspapers supplied with the Winchester reports by shorthand writers employed by and paid out of the funds of the Institute.]

The Marquis of Northampton then delivered a pleasant address for such an audience; though we cannot deem it convincing in several important respects. For instance, his supposition that Lord A. Conyngham had allowed himself to be deceived has been well answered by that nobleman to the effect:—"I have in person gone along with all the proceedings from first to last; and I am not so likely to have been misled as the speaker, who only joined after the division had existed for a considerable period." We are perfectly aware that the Marquis of Northampton (justly esteemed by all who have the honour to know him) would not take a step of the kind he has taken unless thoroughly and conscientiously convinced of its perfect rectitude; but, in our humble judgment, we cannot help doubting the propriety of one nobleman being persuaded to place himself at the head of a faction which had repudiated another person of high rank, after the quarrel had taken place, and hostilities were carrying on; and still more whether the President of the highest scientific body in the British empire should have accepted this unenviable rival post, the invitations to occupy which had been declined by other noble lords.* But the amiable Marquis was disposed to throw such trifles overboard. "Why," said he (*Times* report), "why make matters personal that ought not to be personal? Why talk of the Way party and the Wright party? We are now strong. We can stand upon our own ground. (Cheers.) We can say to Lord Albert, 'You are the minority; the name is of no consequence to us, you may have it.'" (Hear, hear.) We are 700. (Loud cheers.)† Under these circumstances, I deny that we are making any concession, and if we were, we can afford to make it. We do not say we are not in the right, for I believe we are. We were right in not consenting to the violent measures taken at the time, but our opponents always avoid the real question at issue. Lord Albert Conyngham resigned the presidency, and this put us into a difficulty. There are times when it is necessary for public bodies to use violent means, but they should always be careful of being more violent than is absolutely necessary.

papers would have been of far greater value if the other Association had not been *before* them with the same inquiries. *Nisi prius*, indeed, might have been taken for their motto, and was certainly a rock ahead of nearly all their movements.

* Lords Carnarvon and Prudhoe, we are informed, and probably others.

† In extraordinary competitions, such as trade engenders, we do not recommend the hiding of your light under a bushel; but in high affairs of literature and science, we cannot but deem the parade we have witnessed throughout these proceedings to have been *infra dignitatem*.

Now, in this case, admitting, for the sake of argument, there was a grievance to be redressed, all that could be necessary was, that the general committee should be called upon to call a general meeting of the members. However, they held a meeting, at which about 150 out of 1700 or 1800 members attended. No notice was given that they, the minority, intended to turn out the majority of the committee; but an intimidation rather to the contrary. What right, then, had they to turn them out? None. But we had a right to say we would not abide by the decision of such a meeting. And mind another thing—the meeting took place before Easter—three weeks or a month before any one was in London. A meeting so called had no power to re-elect Lord Albert Conyngham.

The gist of this is, that Mr. Way, having canvassed and recruited a majority in the committee to have every thing their own way, and therefore not allowing there was any grievance at all to be remedied, they were the only parties who could lawfully convene a general meeting of the members to remedy the non-existent evils! The treasurer having done this, the noble Marquis holds to be "an irregularity most dangerous as a precedent" [see our remarks below]. The announcement of the new name was made; and twenty-two rules for the government of the Institute (the word implying that they "meant to teach, and were not merely a company met together for the sake of society") read with unanimous applause. Mr. Burge, the learned recorder of Winchester, moved, and the dean seconded, a vote of thanks to the president, which was appropriately acknowledged; and other resolutions were agreed to, of a general and personally grateful nature, such as were required by and well became the meeting. The Marquis of Northampton was re-elected president; the place of meeting next year was fixed for York; a general committee was named; Mr. Burge and the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne appointed auditors; the Dean and Chapter of Winchester were warmly and deservedly thanked for their cordial hospitalities; the recorder was also thanked, as were the high sheriff, the county members, the city members, the proprietor of Porchester Castle, the Irish Academy, the Irish Archaeological Society, the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, the Royal Institution of South Wales, Col. Greenwood, the local committee, Mr. Hailstone, for his indefatigable zeal in getting together the interesting museum at the deanery, and Mr. O. B. Carter for his drawings and other services—and the curtain dropped.

On taking a retrospect of this unfortunate "split," there are certain points which seem to be established beyond contradiction, and which should ever be borne in mind, separated from the embarrassment of verbiage and argument which has clouded the correspondence and speeches of the disputants.

1. The original ground for quarrel taken by Mr. Way was, the publication of the *Archæological Album*, by Mr. Wright; who had given, and was giving, his time and talent gratuitously to the editing of the *Journal* of the Association.

The utility of this pretence has been demonstrated; and whether to preserve the profits of the *Journal* to the publisher,* or to carry some

* The introduction of the spirit of trade into an affair which ought to have been entirely literary, and *pro bono publico*, was an unlucky ingredient, and certainly produced most of the mischief, though individual vanity had also some share in it. Its continued existence is drolly exemplified by an advertisement from Mr. Parker for advertisements to be stitched in the forthcoming (if forthcoming?) No. of the *Archæological*

other design, it must be surrendered as a sufficient motive for disturbing the harmony of its councils, and breaking up a successfully established national association.*

2. The seceding party have latterly been desirous of sinking every transaction previous to the general meeting called by Mr. Pettigrew, and to put the rights of the case upon the propriety or legality of this proceeding.

Now it is a perilous question to moot, whether the adoption of subsequent measures on the foundation of a public meeting of subscribers and members, and the resolutions to which they agreed, or on individual responsibility, without that sanction, is the most effective in authority? If the treasurer, the founders, and the general body so called together, did not possess the power to act and reorganise the association, surely such a power could not belong to Mr. Way, only one of the secretaries, and a portion of a self-elected committee canvassed to assume the entire direction of affairs.

3. The public having to look which stands first, i.e. those who appealed to the mass of subscribers or those who declare themselves, being a majority of a divided committee, the sole sources of authority; there is considerable importance attached to the objection raised against that appeal, and especially as Mr. Parker has gone so far as to assert that the president, treasurer, and other officers of a society, are merely the servants of the committee, and have consequently no right to act in any manner whatever without the order of the committee. Upon this we may observe, that the eighth chapter of the statutes of the Society of Antiquaries (an authority which the seceders will hardly deny) provides, that the president, or, in his absence, the vice-president senior in nomination, "shall summon all extraordinary meetings of the society or council upon any urgent occasion." Was not the disruption of the committee here an urgent occasion, and did not the treasurer, the next officer to the president, where there were no vice-presidents, stand precisely in the predicament that he must obey the call made upon him from many parts of the country as well as the town? He was the senior in nomination, and always presided at the committee in the absence of Lord A. Conyngham; yet this has been called, with no little assurance, a hole-and-corner meeting! A meeting held by public advertisement, and in the worst season of the year, attended by a hundred and fifty members.

4. The following pertinent remarks have been sent to us, and seem to set the legality of the issue in so strong a light that we adopt them, believing they have all the force of a high and learned official opinion.

"Giving Mr. Parker credit for his accuracy

gical Journal. He states the prices, and says (we speak by the card), the "circulation (is) 2000;" but strange to remark, for this circulation only "1500 bills" are required: so that at least 500 copies must go without.

* Mr. Wright has several times so explicitly and unequivocally denied any application to Mr. Parker for payment for editing the *Archæological Journal*, of any agreement with him on that subject, that we cannot but feel surprised at seeing Mr. Parker again state that he had done so; in fact, it does not appear probable, from the nature of the case, that he would have made such application, as Mr. Parker's duty, if we understand right, would have been simply to refer such an application to the committee of which Mr. Wright was a member. To say the least of the matter, even if it were possible that any letter of Mr. Wright's on such a subject could bear two interpretations, the explanation given by Mr. Wright ought to have satisfied Mr. Parker and every body else, that he (Mr. P.) had made a mistake. We simply refer on this subject to Mr. Wright's letters in our *Gazette* Nos. 1473 and 1476.—*Ed. L. G.*

(merely for the argument's sake) in asserting that the president, treasurer, and secretaries are the servants of the committee, it of course follows (and it may be said with much greater truth), that the committee are the servants of the main body of the association; and as such Mr. Pettigrew very properly obeyed the requisition. If the association had no laws by which to bind them, then nothing they could do, in their collective capacity, could be illegal; but the fact is, they did what other societies regularly constituted do by virtue of their constitutions, and which was the most sensible course to take: thus they are morally justified. The absence of laws also renders the protest of the dissentients nugatory."

5. These considerations seem to settle the Constitutionality of the respective parties; and indeed the abandonment of the name by No. 2, though tardily done after it had served its purpose, and in a vaunting style repugnant to good taste, may be received as a confession that the claim to the title was felt to be obnoxious and untenable.

The caustic and unanimous remarks of the contemporary press* upon reviewing all the circumstances of the two congresses at Winchester, confirm us in the soundness and justice of the views taken from the beginning by the *Literary Gazette* in this truly vexatious and annoying controversy. We have always approached it with hesitation and dislike; and steered as clear as we possibly could of the personalities and personal questions unhappily mixed up with it.†

ON SOME SUPPLEMENTS OF ÆSCHYLUS, Obtained from satisfactory Sources.

As the Supplements I sent of Thucydides have been considered of sufficient importance to occupy a place in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*, I trust that similar discoveries in the case of other authors will be deemed equally curious, and meet with the same honour.

Of those relating to the Dramatists of Greece, I first gave a few specimens 24 years ago in the Preface to my edition of the *Supplies* of Æschylus; where, with the aid of the Scholiast, Lucian, and Clemens of Alexandria, I supplied some omissions in the *Prometheus, Persæ, Sept. Theb., and Ajax*; and in the year following, in my note on *Eumen.* 230, I filled up from Julian, quoted by Suidas, a gap in *Edip. T.* 1289; while in this very year I pointed out, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, a distich omitted in all the existing mss. of the *Medea*, but which was evidently read by the Scholiast and the Author of the sacred drama which passes under the name of *Christus Patiens*; and it was from the same cento, made up from six plays of Euripides, two of Æschylus, and the pseudo-Euripidean *Rhesus*, that I restored a lost scene in the *Bacchæ*; the subject of which

is described by the rhetorician Pseud-Apsines, as Victorius was the first to remark, and to which not only is there a distinct allusion made by Horace, but it seems to have been imitated by Xenophon and Libanius, and has been put partly into heroic verse by Nonnus, and into prose by Philostratus. It was first published by myself in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1832, but in a less perfect form than I could now exhibit it; as I will prove in a future paper, should it be considered worthy of notice. For the present, I shall confine myself to the *Prometheus*—a play that, with the exception of the omissions, has come down to us in a more satisfactory state than any of the remains of the tragic stage of Athens.

Of the lacunæ to be found in the *Prometheus*, the earliest notice was taken by Morell, who was led by the metre to see, and by the Scholiast to supply the single syllable *êv* wanting to complete the measure in v. 551. So too, in v. 621, Hermann first detected in the Scholia the word "Hpas required by the metre; while Brunck was the first to point out the loss of some lines after *ἡλωσσιβέης* in v. 816, where Haupt would insert a tetrastich preserved by Galen, which has been generally and correctly assigned to the *Prometheus Fœdus*; for it formed a part of the description of the wanderings of Hercules, put into the mouth of the prisoner of the Caucasus.

With regard, however, to the omissions first pointed out by myself in my edition of the *Prometheus* published in 1831, although this play has been edited by Haupt and Minckwitz in Germany; in England by Scholefield, Dindorf, and Griffiths; and in France by Ahrens, not a single scholar has attempted even to explain the passages where such lacunæ are to be found, much less to supply them; unless, indeed, something of the kind has been done in the notes of Woolsey, who has published the *Prometheus* at Boston in North America, or in the *Adversaria in Prometheus* by Weiseler, or in the German review of Minckwitz by Halm, or lastly, in the remarks appended to Schoemann's German translation—works of which I know nothing but the name. Nor have the different English translators—Medwin, Barrett, Chapman, Fox, and Call, paid the least attention to the subject; for they felt themselves, no doubt, unequal to an inquiry that belongs exclusively to the Critic by profession. It is possible, however, that Welcker, Klausen, and some other German scholars, who have written upon Æschylus, may have touched upon the question; but, judging from the general character of their writings, I suspect that nothing bearing upon the present investigation is to be gleaned from them.

Here too, as in other cases, the omissions are partly accidental and partly designed. To the former class, first pointed out by other scholars or myself, belong the twenty-two following:—207*, 281, 328, 503*, 549*, 551*, 559*, 579*, 588*, 599*, 623*, 641*, 645*, 753*, 817, 834*, 842*, 918*, 1015*, 1055*, 1060, 1093; and to the latter the seven following:—195*, 239†, 257, 458, 694†, 976, 1064-5†.

Respecting the means of supplying the accidental omissions, I have said nearly all that is requisite in my notes on the lines marked by an asterisk, with the exception of v. 817, where I have stated, that although the very words of the Dramatist have been lost irretrievably, the subject of the missing matter may be gathered by comparing another description of the wanderings of Io in the *Supplies*, v. 539, where the countries omitted in the *Prometheus* are mentioned in their consecutive order, and similarly

in a passage of Eunapius, to which I ought to have referred. So too I should have remarked, that a line has dropped out after v. 823, which Teles, quoted by Stobæus, had in his mind; and that something was originally mentioned after v. 693, to which an allusion is made by Ovid, who probably got his information from Callimachus, and he from the *Prometheus*, or the *Inachus* of Sophocles, where the story of Io was made the subject of a satyric drama.

But with regard to the designed omissions, I confess my inability to recover what Æschylus wrote in the places marked with an obelus; and though I am well aware that over all cases like the present there must ever hang a cloud of doubt, to be removed only by the discovery of a MS., I trust the reader of taste and learning will acknowledge, even in the absence of the evidence I have it in my power to produce in support of each supplement, that the sentiments put into the mouths of the different characters are every way worthy of Æschylus; while the Greek itself, which I will readily communicate to any person interested in the subject, will be found to be as pure as was ever pronounced on the stage at Athens.

As it will be unnecessary, or, if necessary, not practicable, to give in this paper all the Supplements, and especially such as relate to the omission of two or three words, or even of a whole line, I shall content myself with selecting merely the most remarkable, consigning the others to the tomb of my MS. papers, from whence they will emerge into the light of day, when my grandchildren shall want materials for the tails of their kites—a fate that awaited the unedited notes of Tanaquil Le Fevre, the father of the more celebrated Madame Dacier; unless, like Musgrave, I leave the accumulated labours of a long literary life to be committed to the flames.

After v. 249, where *Prometheus* had given an account of his suffering for the exertions he had made to prevent Jupiter from annihilating the whole human race, thus followed originally something to this effect:—

Cho. Of iron heart, and moulded from the rock,
Was he, Prometheus, who would not condole
With woes like thine, that I ne'er wished to see;
And, seeing, I have felt my heart-strings torn.
Pro. E'en to my foes I am a piteous sight.
Cho. Deeds beyond these thou surely didst not dare.
Pro. Man ceased through me to look with fear, on death.

Cho. What, do not mortals justly fear their fate?
Pro. No. 'Tis of many ills the best of cure.
Cho. What remedy for diseases found thee art?
Pro. 'Twas mine to build for mortals the firm hope,
That, when men nobly die, they shall enjoy
A change of being better far than life,
And not in darkness nor in filth remain,
As silly mortals must, who sink at last,
And, through the foe of life, all ills have borne,
Fed with false hopes, that, though misfortune's bolt
Falls now, the future will not feel it too—
Hopes cherished from the time the lid was ta'en
From off the cask, where good and ill were mixed.
Cho. Great was the boon thou hast bestowed on man.

Pro. Nay, more; I gave the fire that never fails.
Cho. And mortals now'll flame-faced fire enjoy.
Pro. From whence they'll learn the arts not few of life.

Cho. Does, then, the god of heaven, for cause like this,
Maltreat thee, nor relax in doing wrong?
Pro. Of these my sufferings no other end
Is fixed, save when it fitting seems to him.
Cho. And how shall it seem fitting? what the hope?
See'st thou not thou hast erred? But how, 'tis pain
For us to tell, and thee to hear: one thing,
The best, we'll say. From sufferings seek release.
Pro. He, who from suffering's free, can easily
Give to the wretched good advice; but I,
Who knew all this unwillingly, have erred,
I'll not deny it, willingly, and found
Pains for myself by giving aid to man.
Cho. And yet I scarce had deem'd with woes like these,

Painful to suffer, piteous to see,
Thou wouldst be wasted on the lofty crag,
Nor find upon this desert spot a friend.
Pro. No more, no more my present ills bewail;
But lighting on the ground with firm foot form
The choir; and ye shall hear of injuries past
And those to come; and see how I will laugh
At Jove himself, and words by lacquey sent;
And if ye listen to my tale, ye'll calm
Heart-sickening sorrow. Like a fly, ye know,
Misfortune wandering settles here, now there."

After v. 455, where Prometheus is giving an account of man in a primitive and uncivilised state, Æschylus wrote to this effect originally:

"Who seeing saw in vain, and hearing heard not;
But passed in dream-like forms the dead man's life;
For with no human voice, but sounds of beasts,
They spoke; and signs instead of words express'd
Went each to the other scarce intelligible
Could tell. In the open air, nor hid by trees,
All intercourse took place; nor knew they how
To build the wooden hut, nor weave the tiles
Upon the sun-burnt rafters; but like worms,
That pierce the clod and creep into the earth,
Within the sunless cavern dwell; until
The future they foresaw; and, like the ant,
That ever hoards, their food preserved in stores—
Fruits that the oak on lands uncrowded had shed,
And roots the earth by man unploughed produced."

After v. 835, where Prometheus is telling Ivo to keep clear of the Arimaspi, Æschylus wrote originally to this effect:—

"These approach not; but to a distant clime
Urge on thy quickened course, until thou gain
The friendly lotus-eating tribe, who dwell
Near the Sun's fountains, where sends down its stream
The Æthiop river from the Byblan hills;
Then creep along its banks until thou reach
The Catagasmus, whence its waters sweet
Carry the Nile rolls o'er fruit-bearing fields,
And melted snow pours riches through the land."

After v. 955, where Prometheus is foretelling the future downfall of Jupiter, the dramatist wrote originally:

"So strange a wrestler, of strength invincible,
Himself against himself he now prepares;
Who shall a fire than lightning fiercer find,
And thunder, hurling Pluto from his throne,
While a sea-shake earth's shaker shall destroy,
And a new trident shiver Neptune's spear;
When falling on misfortune, Jove shall learn
How wide 's the difference 'twixt lord and slave."

Cho. Must we, then, look for one to be Jove's master?

Pro. Pains from still harder yokes than these he'll bear.

Cho. Predictions vain! 'Gainst Jove thou idly talk'st.

Pro. What, to my heart's content, will come, I tell thee.

Cho. Hast thou no fear in venturing words like these?

Pro. Whom need I fear, whose fate 'tis not to die?

Cho. 'Ere thou sayest so, 'twere well to close thy lips;

Who Adrasteia reverence are wise.

Pro. Give honour, prayers, lip-service, thou to power.

Cho. Thou should'st have more of power or less of pride.

Pro. I care for Jove himself less 'en than—nothing.

Cho. Oh, say not so; assume a milder tone.

Pro. The god, though far aloof, still hears thee near.

Pro. Let him, and lord it for his power's brief span,
E'en as he will; he'll reign not long o'er gods.

Pro. For, rest assured, the diadmal day shall come
When red, like molten gold, the air shall burst
The treasury of his lightning; and the flame,
Bred with all things on earth and in the sky,
Burn madly, and the breath of life leave all.
Then shall the depths of ocean disappear,
And desolate be earth's seat; nor man, nor bird,
Nor bud, be seen to grow again, until
The fire that all consumed shall all restore."

The next passage I have to produce, where some verses are wanting, is in the dialogue carried on between Prometheus and Mercury. Not only, however, is there a *lacuna*, but the lines have been so completely transposed as to defy all possibility of perceiving the least connexion of ideas, unless it be conceded that Æschylus wrote to this effect after v. 1001:—

"*Pro.* I would not barter—rest assured of that—
My evil fortune for your willing service.

"Tis greater glory bound to serve this rock,
Than go about Jove's trusty messenger.

Mer. None would endure thee, were good fortune thine,
Since e'en in present sufferings thou revelest.

Pro. I do; and 'twill be mine my foes to see
Thus revelling, and thee among the rest.

Mer. What blame for thy misfortunes rests on me?
Insults upon the insulters thou should'st throw.

Pro. In one word, all the gods I hate, who thus
Evil for good return, and wrongly treat me.

Mer. Misfortune's common; mind is thine, who own it.
But my ears tell me thy disorder's madness.

Pro. Mad let me be, if, hating foes, I'm mad.
Mer. The wisest of the wise will sometimes err.

Pro. Alas!
Mer. This word the god of heaven knows not.

Pro. Yet time, as it grows old, doth all things teach.
Mer. Thou hast not wisdom's lesson learnt e'en now.

Pro. Else I had no'er to thee, a lacquey, spoken.
Mer. Of what my father seeks, wilt thou say nought?

Pro. 'Tis thus I pay the handsome debt I owe."

The last passage to be supplied is in the speech of Mercury, where the future fate of Prometheus was thus unfolded, after v. 1052:

"First my sire
Will, with the thunder-bolt and lightning-flash,
Shiver this rugged rock, thy body hurl,
And, borne upon the splinters, carry thee
To deep recesses of the dark abyss."

Thence, after periods of unmeasured time,
Shalt thou to light return, when the winged hound
Of Jove shall, in the shape of blood-fleck eagle,
With ravenous beak tear up thy blackened liver,

An uninvited guest; and what by day
Is fed on, shall at night grow whole again,
Nor of this suffering seek an end to see,
Before some god appears, the substitute

For man of woe, and willing to descend
To the unfeeling grave and hell's dark depths,
Himself destroyed to loosen other's bonds;

This hath Jove ordered me to plainly tell.
Take counsel, then; nor deem it a mere boast
Spoken at random. 'Tis an oath pronounced
Clearly, and fixed as fate, if he but nod.

For to tell lies the lips of Jove know not,
And every word he speaks shall come to pass."

Such are the principal Supplements I have discovered for the restoration of the *Prometheus*; and an attentive perusal of such of the Greek Fathers as allude to the history of the creation, the fall of man, and the deluge, will perhaps enable me at some future time to supply the omission I have pointed out after v. 239.

With regard to the other plays of Æschylus, the whole put together would not furnish half the number of omissions to be found in the *Prometheus* alone. Still, as they are all of importance for the perfect understanding of the author, I shall be ready to produce them as soon as I find that the readers of the dramatist, unlike the deceased Wellauer, the *saviour* of Æschylus, as he is called by one English editor, and the *Hector* of Critics by another, are desirous of knowing what the author did in reality write, instead of pretending to construe what he did not.

GEORGE BURGESS.

20 A Bayham Street, Camden Town.

FINE ARTS.

WHAT with Science, so busy two and three months ago, and Archaeology, still busier to the present day, we have a considerable arrear of Fine Arts to bring up, and shall spend the next few weeks in discharging the debt.

Compositions from Shakespeare's Tempest. By

J. Noel Paton. Chapman and Hall.

THESE do credit to the youthful genius of this artist, who has also already distinguished himself by other productions, acknowledged in Westminster Hall. The title-page is characterised by spirit and invention; and the first scene has great classic beauty. Miranda throughout is lovely and full of expression; and both her simple nature and the dignity of Prospero contrast finely with the brutal form of Caliban and the debased vulgarity of Trinculo. The supernatural creations of the poet, who exhausted worlds and in this Play "created new," afford scope for the flowing outline, the com-

bination of figures, and the display of the grotesque and strange, of all which Mr. Paton has availed himself, and disported with Ariel and many a subject-sprite in various graceful and effective ways. The monstrous are worthy of the wildest German imagination; and the ludicrous and horrible are often very happily thrown together. The sight of Caliban's tortures is enough to give the spectator the rheumatism, gout, and tie douloureux; and yet there is something laughable in them, and we hardly pity the sufferer. In short, many admirable ideas are embodied in this performance, which shews a true feeling for the conceptions of our immortal bard, and links the name of the artist to his in a manner to be honourable as a tribute, and promising of future excellence. The work is dedicated to Mrs. S. C. Hall; and we are glad to see illustrations of Shelley's *Prometheus* promised from the same hand.

A Manual of Gothic Mouldings: a Practical Treatise on their Formations, gradual Development, Combinations, and Varieties. By F. A. Paley, M.A., Hon. Sec. to the Cambridge Camden Society. 8vo, pp. 72. London, Van Voorst.

WITH nearly five hundred engraved examples, Mr. Paley gives us directions for ascertaining their dates and copying them; so that the volume must be accepted as a useful contribution to our acquaintance with the wide and interminable field of Gothic mouldings. Exactitude in dates in reference to such features, or in fact any features of architectural styles, we hold to be impossible; but approximation, which can be accomplished, is a desideratum sufficiently valuable to make us thankful for every light that is shed in that direction. In old times, as well as in modern, the Arts travelled progressively, and were necessarily, from the state of social intercourse, diffused more slowly than in later and railroad-days. It consequently happened that the date of an ornament or style might be, say, of the year 1000 in Kent or Yorkshire, but of the date of 1300 in North Wales, Ulster, or the Highlands of Scotland. How, then, can we assert that such and such a church must have been erected in a certain Anno Domini, when centuries might have intervened between similar buildings within a small number of miles of each other. This consideration has hardly been enough attended to, especially by dogmatic writers on the subject.

The volume being dated from "St. John's College, Feast of the Annunciation," indicates the author to be of the Tractarian school; and the work itself shews every sign of its bearing on the views of that division of the church. But as they need not interfere with the elementary data it exhibits, and the elementary instruction it conveys, we shall only advise readers to study those, and eschew its polemic infusions, which ought to be kept apart, and never interfere with lessons of art.

The different effects required by climate are finely illustrated by the broad lights of Grecian architecture, and the shadow-forming carvings of the more northern Gothic. The clear skies of Greece illuminated the former, set up on heights in the face of day; the grey atmosphere of Britain slept upon the latter with a calm religious repose, equally suited to the beauty, and grandeur, and purpose of the temple. And the rites and ceremonies of worship adapted themselves to these opposite characters in the buildings: in the one, brilliancy prevailed, in the other, solemnity. Both were splendid, but it was in one case triumphal and flashing, in the other, rich and sombre. But we must not fall

into dissertation on a production of this class; to the utilitarian!

There are several ways of copying mouldings. "The best and simplest of all is by inserting the paper in a loose joint, or by passing a saw through an arch or jamb, or by applying a large sheet of paper where a stone has been removed, and left the edges sufficiently clear and sharp to trace their outlines by pressure against them, or by a pencil. These methods, however, are but seldom available except in ruined buildings; and even here we ought not to damage or destroy any portion of the little that is left. But many fragments of monials, groin-ribs, voussoirs, and other moulded stones, may be found in every old abbey; and these may readily be placed upon sheets of paper for the purpose of tracing their outlines. By these means alone a large collection of very valuable specimens may be made. Another way is by the use of the leaden tape. A thin flexible riband of this metal, about a yard in length, may be rolled into a coil, so as to be easily portable. By being manipulated and impressed upon the mouldings to be copied, and thence carefully removed, and laid upon a sheet of paper, it retains the exact shape it has received, and may be traced off with a pencil. In this process, however, which requires both pains and practice to ensure tolerable accuracy, there are many difficulties to overcome."

Professor Willis (as stated in a late *Literary Gazette*) has invented a machine for taking perfect facsimiles; but the above methods may be conveniently employed till that invention comes into common application. "Full-sized mouldings are reduced by the use of the well-known instrument called the pentagraph. All other methods require both time and care."

We leave it to students, readers, and archæologists (and that portion of the latter who, from their devotion to a single branch, may be called Ecclesiologists), to follow Mr. Paley through his accurate accounts of early mouldings—early English, decorated, perpendicular, &c. &c. "Occasionally (in Norman work commonly) some subject is grotesquely sculptured below the abacus. Of this there is a very curious example at West Keal, Lincolnshire." Here, "on one of the capitals (which are decorated), a fox is carrying off a goose, while a chained ape is laying hold of it behind. The decorated capitals in Oakham Church exhibit the same design, among others."

The details and the cuts can only be found in the book itself, which we can cordially recommend for furnishing a mass of general and particular information on the subject of which it treats.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MARY.

The graceful and the beautiful,
The gentle, kind, and airy,
Together met, to mould the form
And gift the mind of Mary.
There's nature in each careless curl,
In every grace a moral;
Her mouth—'tis Cupid's mouth, sweet girl,
And full of pearls and coral!

She's like the keystone to an arch,
That consummates all beauty;
She's like the music to a march,
Which sheds a joy on duty!
All happy thoughts and feelings rise
Seen evermore to guide her,
The very ills and cares of life
Forget themselves beside her!

Each sweet expressive glance appears
Of nature's best and truest son,
It took the world six thousand years
To perfect such perfection!

All gifts divine that could combine,
All charms of nymph or fairy,
Agreed to grace one beauteous face,
And witch the world with Mary!

She speeds as if with wings, so fleet
No bird's could e'er surpass them,
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
Though 'tis believed she has them!
She lends a spell to every scene;
Her step makes winter vernal;
A something half divine, between
The earthly and eternal!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane opened on Saturday with the opera of the *Enchantress*, the chief female part sustained by Miss Romer, and a grand ballet called the *Marble Maiden*, in which Made. Adele Dumilatre was alternately stone and flesh and blood. A considerable degree of sameness and repetition added injuriously to the length and effect of this exhibition; and even with great curtailment it is still too prolix. There is, however, much show; and the acting of the heroine in many passages is very captivating.

Haymarket.—On Wednesday was so successfully revived, as to be repeated every night, the comedy of *Wives as they were and Maids as they are*, with Farren, Mrs. Glover, Stuart, Hudson, Tilbury, Mrs. Yarnold, and Mrs. Seymour as *Miss Dorillon*. In this lady we recognise a deservedly popular favourite, who made her first essay in the line of tragedy, and played *Juliet* with great talent and pathos, whilst yet young in her teens. Since then (and especially latterly, if we may judge from her personation of *Miss Dorillon*) she must have addressed her looks, like Garrick in the picture, more towards the comic than the tragic Muse, and her studies appear to have been rewarded with cordial acceptance. We have, however, to confess to having enjoyed only partial means to form an estimate of her qualifications for this high walk in the drama—a walk in which we are most deficient; and whilst we state that what we had an opportunity of witnessing afforded us extreme satisfaction and pleasure, we must reserve our criticism on the whole part till we have seen it from first to last.

Lyceum.—On Thursday a new farce, called *Next Door*, was produced here, and developed another phase of the confusing adjacency which has recently become a feature on the French stage. Two neighbouring interiors, divided as the spectators look perpendicularly, are possessed by two damsels more or less involved in the doings of a certain *Jack Skylark* (Wigan), whose eccentricities fill the piece; till in the end he marries one of them, and the other becomes the bride of a favoured musical cousin. The activity and humour of *Skylark* entertained the house throughout; and *Next Door* was received with ample manifestations of favour.

Adelphi.—Seeing *Wright*, the name of a slight new piece, explains its order enough to save us from the trouble of description. The *dramatis persone* are left to do pretty much as they please, and the fun is kept up by Mrs. Matthews, a soubrette, Wright, a policeman, and Paul Bedford, an amatory perfumer, in a style to keep the house in roars of laughter. The whole is of the broadest cast; and may therefore be classed with that species of the ludicrous which has nearly driven the more refined, and true, and genuine comic from the stage; and has rendered even Farce himself dubious for humour.

C. Kemble's Readings.—On Wednesday Mr. Kemble commenced a course of six dramatic

readings from Shakspeare, with *Hamlet*, at Crosby Hall. The hall was crowded, and we need not say the treat of the most intellectual character. Wednesdays and Fridays, in the evening, are appointed for these interesting entertainments.

VARIETIES.

Redcliffe Church, Bristol.—We are glad to learn that contracts have been entered into during the last week, with several tradesmen of Bristol, for commencing the restoration of this once magnificent and unique edifice, under the direction of Messrs. Britton and Godwin. The works will comprise, in the first place, the complete restoration of the large east window, and one entire compartment, or severity, of the building, north and south, with its connecting walls, windows, roof, buttresses, parapets, pinnacles, panelling, &c. When completed, this portion will clearly shew the effect of restoration, and, by its contrast with the adjoining parts of the church, will at the same time exemplify the lamentable operation of time and neglect on the original materials.

The Patent Reading-Easel.—In one of our Variety-paragraphs last week, we described the production of a very handsome carriage, upon which all the town, we presume, has had an opportunity of exercising its judgment in the streets; and we now direct attention to an object which can only be seen and appreciated in the penetration of the domestic interior—the study, or boudoir. We have tried this easel-apparatus; and only fear that it may induce in us such habits of idleness and indulgence that the *Gazette* will be the worse for it. We have fastened it to our already easy-chair, and found our ease made far more easy. Attached to a couch, or sofa, the temptation was still more seductive; and we almost wished to be an *invalid*, to have a *valid* excuse for resorting to it. Ashamed of this, we tried a cane-bottom; and must add, that even therein we felt so comfortable, that we are almost afraid to recommend to all readers to provide themselves with this agreeable and ingenious invention.

Winchester Cathedral.—The Dean and Chapter have ordered the nave of this highly interesting edifice to be open free of charge to the public four hours each day—from nine to eleven, and from two to four. This is a further consequence of the good behaviour of the people, and augurs well of the experience of the church-authorities at York, Durham, Norwich, and Westminster.

Earl Spencer died on Wednesday, at his seat at Wiseton Hall, Notts, having just reached his grand climacteric, 63. His lordship was the author of several publications on financial and agricultural subjects.

Portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham.—The Art-Union states that a contemporary full-length portrait of this princely merchant, painted on panel, and a good specimen of the arts at that period, has been presented to the City Gresham Lecture-Room. It represents Sir Thomas at the age of 26, and is therefore the most juvenile portrait of him we possess. He is (adds our authority) attired in a plain black doublet, hose, and gown, with a flat cap upon his head, and a small lace collar, all indicative of the unpretending British trader. In one corner of the picture are the letters "A. G." tied together by a knot, beneath which are the words "Love, serve, and obey;" and under that "T. G.," also tied by a knot; and upon the frame, which is of black wood and of the same age as the pic-

ture, is the motto, "Dominus mihi adjutor, T. G." repeated on each side.

Protestant Church in Jerusalem.—The firman for the building of the Protestant church in Jerusalem has at length been granted by the Porte.

Earthquakes and Meteorological Phenomena in India.—Our readers are perhaps not aware, that a very curious meteorological phenomenon took place on Saturday evening last, the 2d instant, in the south part of Calcutta. It was a very smart fall of rain, with a bright starlight sky, without clouds! between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. The fall did not extend, unfortunately, as far up the Chowringhee-road as the Sudder-Board office; and thus the rain-gauge of the Surveyor-General's office, which is fixed there, did not indicate the quantity which fell. At the Mauritius, this phenomenon is said not to be uncommon, of rain without cloud; but it rarely falls heavily. It is analogous, no doubt, to the icy spicules which fall in high northern latitudes, and on the passes and plateaux of mountain-chains, before storms of snow. We learn from our informant, that some natives, one a man who had been many years at Lucknow, and another who has lived at almost every station between Calcutta and Delhi, stated, that this is not uncommon, and that it happens every year once or twice! We should be obliged by any of our readers informing us of any well-ascertained instances of rain without clouds, either formerly or that may happen in future. Much attention is (at last) being paid to meteorological phenomena at home, and the peculiar ones which form the "outstanding" and "residual" instances, are calculated to throw light on such researches.

Another shock of an earthquake was very distinctly felt on the morning of yesterday, the 7th instant, at ten minutes to 2 A.M.; and from Burrissal we learn that "two distinct and rather severe shocks of an earthquake were felt at this station at 3h. 35m. of the 23d of July—a third and last shock was very slight indeed. A clock, the pendulum of which was swinging east and west, stopped at that hour; but another clock, in a contrary position, and near it, was not at all affected."

We hear that three shocks of earthquake, two of them severe, have been experienced in various parts of Assam: one at Gowahattee, at 4 A.M. of the 22d of July, which startled the good folks from their downy couches, and was accompanied with considerable noise and undulations of the earth. Another occurred at the same station, in the middle of the night of the 25th of last month, stated also to have been a severe one. We have learnt no detailed particulars of these subterranean commotions, but trust, that if any memoranda have been taken of their duration, exact direction, with the atmospheric phenomena observed at the time, they will be made known. It is only by a careful and accumulated record of facts, that the laws and phenomena regulating such occurrences can be correctly ascertained, or any useful practical conclusions be deduced from them.

During the continuance of the shocks of earthquakes, felt in and near Calcutta and its suburban districts, an account was received of a meteor having been seen, particularly bright and luminous. It is described as being of a form resembling a star; its centre of a brilliant brightness, and its edges of a fine light blue, passing rapidly in a direct line from north to south. It had a tail of considerable length, and in its passage was accompanied with a

similar noise to that made by a rocket; it did not appear to be more than one quarter of a mile above the houses; and from the time of observance to that of its disappearance, lasted somewhat more than five seconds.

At Agra the rains have been very heavy this season. The Jumna has risen unprecedentedly high, so that parts of the strand were under water, and a portion of it under the fort is impassable. Several old houses had fallen in, by which some lives had been lost.

Several severe shocks of earthquake continue to be felt in various parts of the country.—*From the Calcutta Englishman.*

SYMPATHY. TO LOUISA.—"Nec sine te."

The stricken chord awakes its brother,
Lute answering lute with skill divine,
Each thrill, each tone, thrills, tones the other;
—These chords are hearts—thy heart and mine.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To A. H. B., that the History of Germany, translated from F. Kohlrausch, and published by Chapman and Hall, would satisfy his wish for information respecting that country; and in regard to Spain, there is a very sufficient history in Knight's Library of Useful Knowledge; or if all sorts of detail are sought, there is Murray's Hand-Book, just published.

Z. Z. We are unacquainted with the merits or demerits of Zumpt's Latin Grammar; and Z. Z. may be perfectly correct in his opinion, that few of the necessary improvements have been effected. There is often great error where there is little wool.

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Now although this water is introduced to the Public as an article of luxury, yet as every aerated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would be of the greatest value and importance. It is not a composition of such a powerful nature that a few bottles of it could be expected to afford a cure in cases of confirmed disease—for if it were so it could not be used as a daily beverage—but it is intended to produce its effects by habitual use, and to act on the constitution in the same manner as common water is well known to act on the general health of the inhabitants of a country.

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October 3, 1845.

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